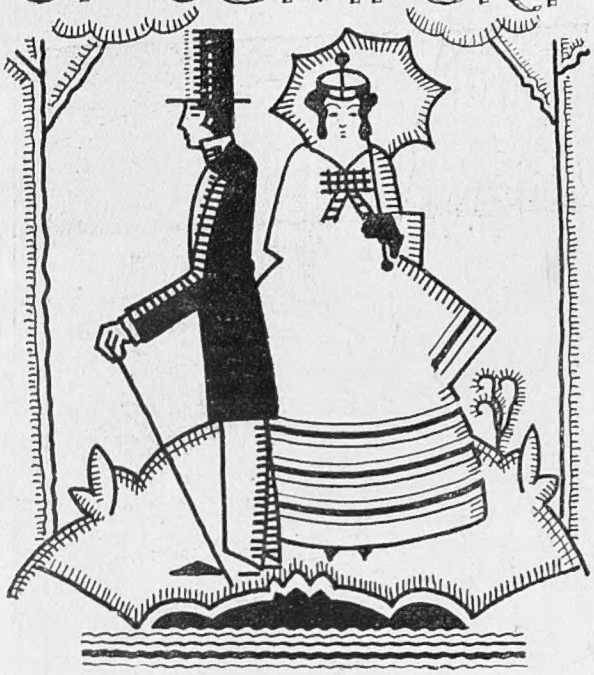
THE CULT OF COMFORT



We have learnt to make ourselves more comfortable than the Victorians, with their stiff upholstery, their tight-drawn clothes, their general air of "stuffiness."

We have, in fact, discovered the secret that comfort and grace go hand in hand.

Especially so with our boots and shoes. It is no longer necessary to have them made expensively to measure to secure an accurate fit, a blessed sense of comfort and that well-groomed feeling that comes from walking in fine leather shaped by a craftsman's hand.

Lotus and Delta boots and shoes have led the way in this discovery. With perfection of fit and soundness of build they combine a grace that satisfies the most fastidious. Their one serious competitor is the good made-to-measure boot, which costs more than double the price of

Lotus & Delta

120 *STYLES*

From a Dance Slipper to a Golf Shoe

Go to the Lotus Agent in your neighbourhood and inspect his stock. A postcard to Lotus Ltd., Stafford, will bring you an illustrated booklet descriptive of the Lotus and Delta range of styles.

Eiderscutum

FOR LIGHTER & WARMER AUTUMN - WINTER WRAPS

Moss-like in texture for lightness : virgin wool for warmth, softness and fixity of colours. Varying styles—fixed prices.

£9 9 0 double-breasted. **£8 8 0** single-breasted.
Ready to wear or to order Women's coats same prices.

SOLE MAKERS:

Aquascutum Ltd. REGISTERED

100 REGENT ST.
LONDON W1.

Mention of *Bystander* will bring catalogue and patterns by return mail

Renowned for weatherproofs since 1851.

"TRITEX" SILK-STOCKINGS

With 15 years' reputation, and still the best. All colours. Price reduced to 8/11. Agents—best shops in each town. There is none "just as good"; then insist on Tritex (in the yellow box).

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., ENGLAND,
47 & 48, Berners Street, W.1.

WINTER SPORTS

Your outfit should certainly include a pair of FOX'S PUTTEES. Made in many shades for both LADIES' and MEN'S Wear.

FOR LADIES:	per pair	*FOR MEN:*	per pair
With Spats - - - -	**12/6**	Regulation Heavy-weight - -	**9/-**
(detachable 1/- extra)		Extra Fine Light-weight - -	**11/-**
Without Spats - - - -	**7/6**	Extra Fine Light Shade - -	**12/-**

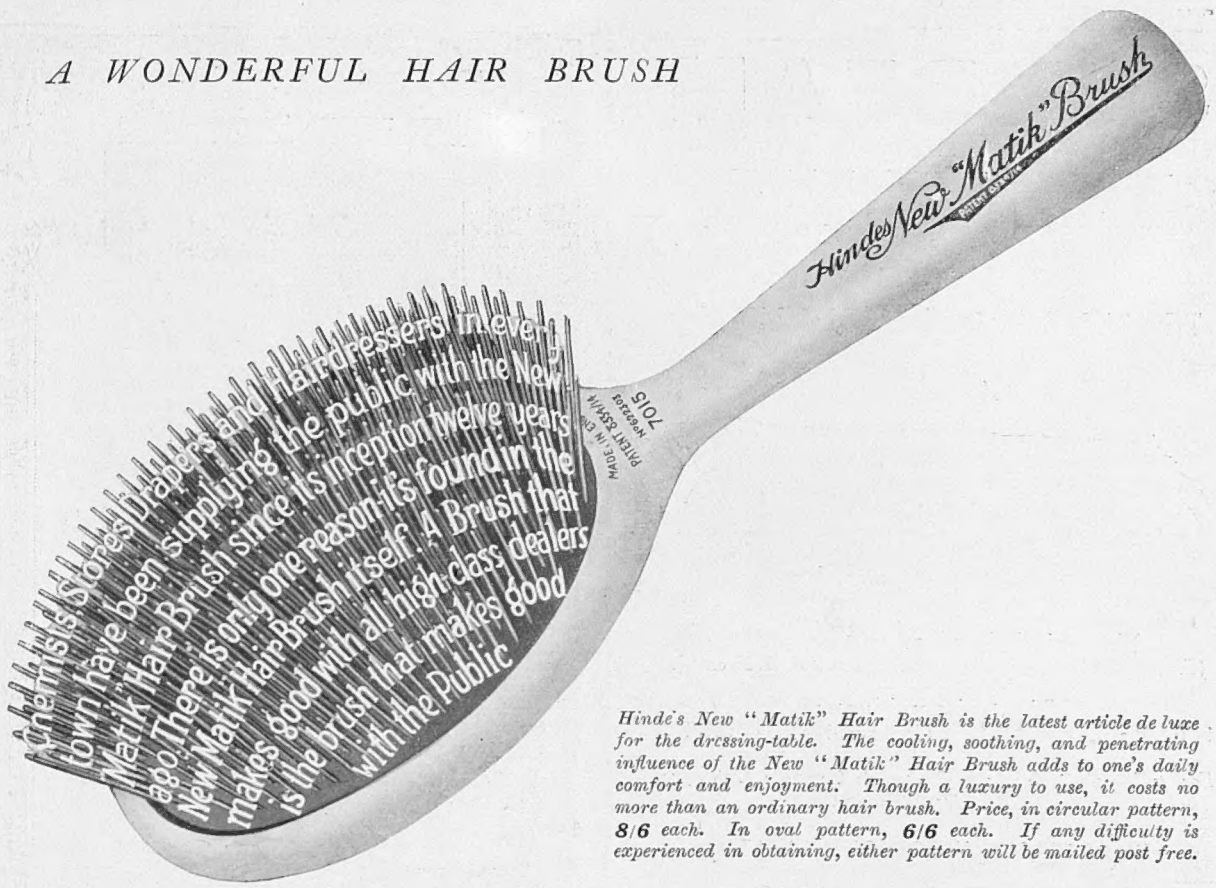
CAUTION.—See that the name "FOX" is on the metal discs (right and left) attached to every genuine pair of FOX'S New Non-Fray Spiral Puttees. (R) (L)

Patentees and Sole Manufacturers:
FOX BROS. & CO., Ltd. (Dept. V) **Wellington, Somerset.**
Agents for United States:
THE MANLEY & JOHNSON CORPORATION, 260, West Broadway, NEW YORK.

FOX'S F.I.P. PUTTEES

(F.I.P.—Fox's Improved Puttees) **"Non-Fray Spiral."**

A WONDERFUL HAIR BRUSH

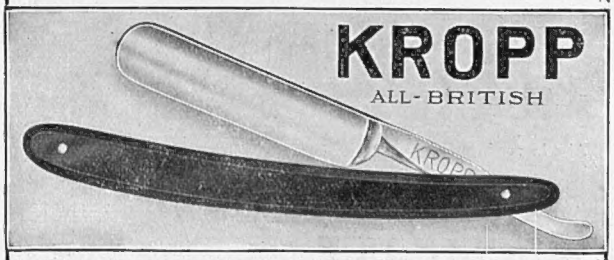


Hinde's New "Matik" Hair Brush is the latest article de luxe for the dressing-table. The cooling, soothing, and penetrating influence of the New "Matik" Hair Brush adds to one's daily comfort and enjoyment. Though a luxury to use, it costs no more than an ordinary hair brush. Price, in circular pattern, ***8/6*** *each. In oval pattern,* ***6/6*** *each. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, either pattern will be mailed post free.*

Hindes Limited, Birmingham, and 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London. Patentees and Manufacturers of Hindes Hair Wavers.

Many a Barber's Reputation is guarded by A KROPP

You can't beat that business-like sweep of a good razor, shaving down the face close and clean — a good razor, mark you—a **KROPP**. A Kropp shaves as quickly as any safety razor, and there is none of the fiddling, messy cleaning afterwards, no changing of blades in the middle of a shave. A Kropp is always sharp, and keen, and ready on the instant to give a quick, comfortable shave, however wiry your beard, however tender your skin



BLACK HANDLE, 10/6 IVORY HANDLE, 18/-

Every Kropp Razor is sold in a Case.

From Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Send post card for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 26.

Wholesale only: **OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., Ltd., London, W.1**

Roger & Gallet

Your Christmas Greetings, your New Year remembrances—let FLEURS D'AMOUR express them for you.

This rich perfume of intriguing charm and fresh fragrance is distinct from all others, and will reflect your good taste and infuse into your wishes the sincerity and tenderness you desire.

Its discreet odour is carried through-out most Toilet aids; Soaps, Powders etc. Perfume 21/-, obtainable from high-class Chemists, Drapers, Hairdressers and Stores everywhere.

FLEURS D'AMOUR

(By ROGER & GALLET in PARIS)

PF4

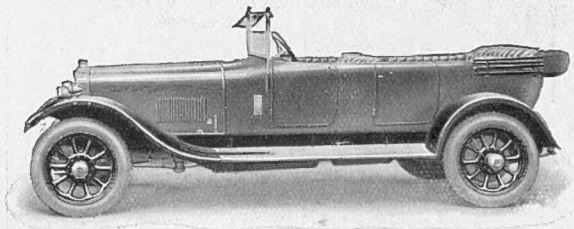
You will best appreciate the Specialities of Roger & Gallet by sending for their miniature sample box of Fleurs d'Amour Perfume and Powder, Eau de Cologne, &c. Enclose 1/- Postal Order to Roger & Gallet (London) Ltd., Dept. S, 14, Poland Street, W. 1.

THE SUPREME

SUNBEAM

BRITISH THROUGHOUT in design and construction.

THE 24/60 H.P. 6-CYLINDER SUNBEAM.



With touring body and equipment **£1220**
(Front wheel brakes, operated by Servo Motor, £125 extra).

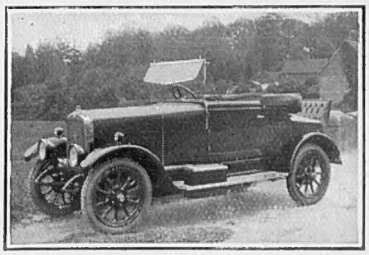
Other touring models are:
14 h.p. 4-cyl. - **£685** 16/40 h.p. 4-cyl. - **£895**

For fuller particulars see Company's Complete Catalogue, sent post free on request.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

WOLVERHAMPTON *Head Office & Works* - - - - - Moorfield Works.
LONDON - - - *Showrooms & Export Dept.*, 12, Prince's St., Hanover Sq., W.1.
" - - - *Southern Service & Repair Works*, 177, The Vale, Acton, W.3
MANCHESTER - - *Showrooms* - - - - - - - 106, Deansgate.
" - - *Northern Service & Repair Works*, 288/294, Eccles New Rd., Weaste.
NEW YORK - - *Showrooms* - - - - - - 25, West 57th Street.

Have you seen the new Hillman?



The 11 h.p. Hillman All-Weather Two-Seater, £430.

11 h.p. All-Weather Two-Seater .. £430
11 h.p. All-Weather Four-Seater .. £450
11 h.p. Coupé Two-Seater £495
11 h.p. Coupé Four-Seater £530

¶ **Extract from "The Motor," 31st October, 1922.**—The 1923 Hillmans represent the last word in medium size car coachwork, and in the ingenuity of the practical refinements provided. Both bodies can quickly be converted from fully open to fully closed, the four seater occupying only two minutes, whilst the two seater takes still less time. Apart from the variety of the possible combinations of the side panels, there are many ingenious refinements on the car. For instance a support is provided for each side of the bonnet on the inner and upper face of the radiator, the toolbox is housed in the scuttle, with its door opening inwards under the bonnet and accommodating all tools save the oil can and jack handle which are clipped to the inner side of the dash.

Specification and full particulars from:—
THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.
London & Home Counties Distributors:
Messrs. Coppen, Allan & Co., 143, Great Portland St., W.1

The Guaranteed Car

Hillman

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Distinctive Theatre Wraps at Special Prices.

Model White Rabbit Evening Cloak

Made from finest quality skins, this model is distinctive by its elegant pouched back, the sleeves are formed through the continuation of the fullness being carried to the fronts. The large Wrap Collar gives great comfort, and beauty is added by the contrast of black monkey fringe round edge. Lined with the best quality crepe de Chine in a soft shade of pink.

PRICE

21 Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

GIRLS' PARTY FROCKS

OF

EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

PERFECTLY cut, daintily finished, and made on the premises from rich quality materials.

ATTRACTIVE FROCK in good quality taffeta; simple bodice finished at neck with silver lace; skirt with silver motifs let in, daintily finished at waist with rosettes of self colour and silver, and at foot with silver lace. In many good colours. Sizes from 39 to 45 inches.

PRICE FROM

9½ Gns.

Also in good quality Haitienne silk.

PRICE FROM

10½ Guineas.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W1

Founded 1785
BY APPOINTMENT

GIEVES
LIMITED.

21 Old Bond St.
(Piccadilly End)
LONDON · W · 1

Xmas Gifts for Men

Vide the Press: *The one house in the United Kingdom that supplies exclusively men's outfitting requirements — all under one roof.*

Departments

Tailoring	Hosiery	Toilet
Books	Hats	Silver Goods
Leather Goods	Boots	Photography

Branches at

EDINBURGH
118, Princes St.

PLYMOUTH
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LIVERPOOL
14, Lord St.

¶ A box of Charbonnel & Walker Chocolates is by far the most acceptable of all Christmas Presents. The recipient knows he or she has received what are Universally Proclaimed the finest chocolates in the world.

¶ Every chocolate is numbered underneath and a key list is enclosed in the box which describes each particular chocolate. This scheme is unique.

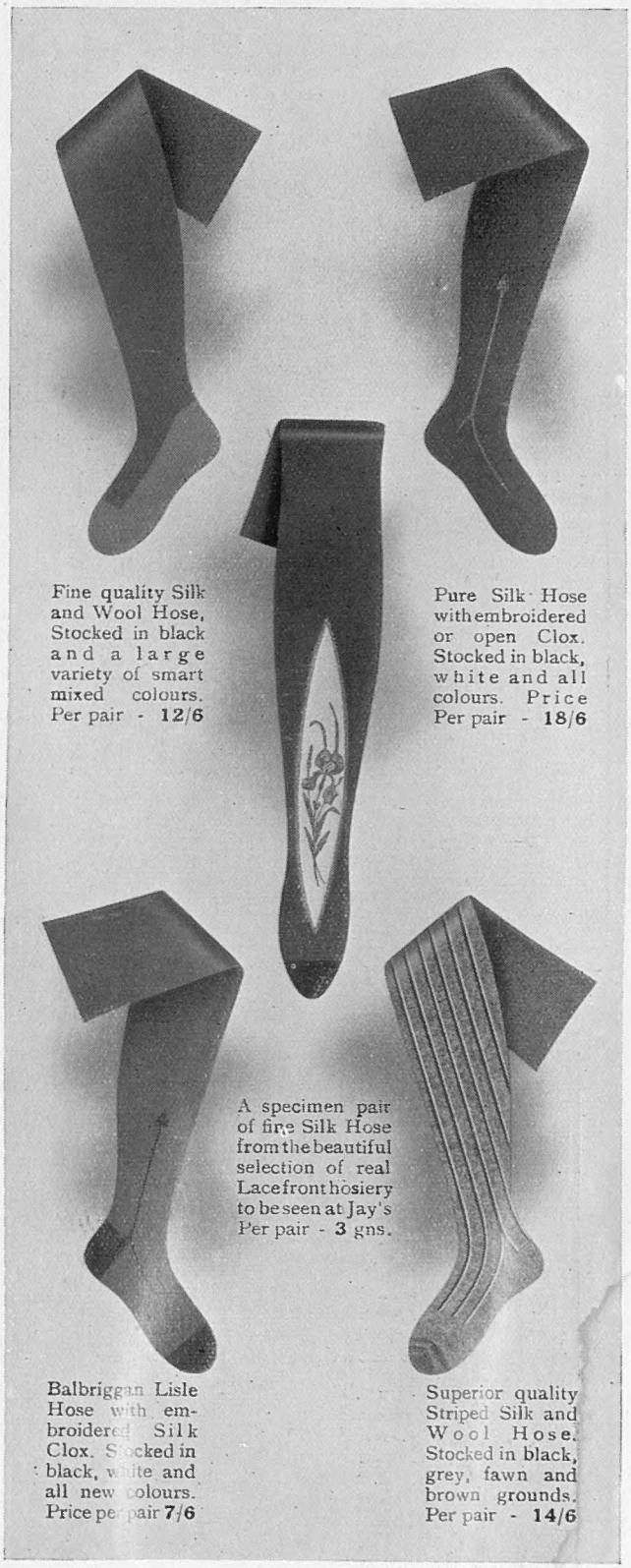
¶ Each individual chocolate is made and packed on the premises, therefore capacity is limited.

¶ For a number of years Charbonnel & Walker have had reluctantly to refuse orders for several days previous to Christmas, hence the necessity for this advertisement.

¶ This is not a case of seeking more business, but an honest endeavour to avoid disappointment to our clients. Send for price lists now and order early.

¶ Remember Charbonnel & Walker Chocolates cannot become stale, and condition is guaranteed upon arrival either at home or abroad.

CHARBONNEL & WALKER
31, OLD BOND STREET, W. 1.



Fine quality Silk and Wool Hose, Stocked in black and a large variety of smart mixed colours. Per pair - **12/6**

Pure Silk Hose with embroidered or open Clox. Stocked in black, white and all colours. Price Per pair - **18/6**

A specimen pair of fine Silk Hose from the beautiful selection of real Lace front hosiery to be seen at Jay's Per pair - **3** gns.

Balbriggan Lisle Hose with embroidered Silk Clox. Stocked in black, white and all new colours. Price per pair **7/6**

Superior quality Striped Silk and Wool Hose. Stocked in black, grey, fawn and brown grounds. Per pair - **14/6**

Jay's Ltd. of Regent Street always have in stock a very large assortment of White Silk Hose in all qualities, which can be dyed to any special colour desired within three days.

Jay's Ltd.
REGENT STREET
W.1.

BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING REBUILDING.

Woodville

NON SLIP TRANSFORMATIONS.

NO NETWORK. NO FRAGILE PARTS. SECURE.

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS *(as sketch)*, **With NATURAL PARTING From 6 Guineas**

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS Without PARTING From 3 Guineas

SEMI Ditto from 5 Guineas

SEMI Ditto from 2 Guineas

TOUPETS from £4 17 6

TOUPETS from £1 17 6

DURABLE and HARD WEARING.

Artistic Perfection in every detail.

A Selection of Chignons, Switches, etc., always in Stock.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

WOODVILLE TEINTURE.—Convenient for touching up the temples and front of the Hair. In the following shades: Pale Ashy Blond, Golden Blond, Chestnut, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown & Black. Price **2/6** Bottle, Postage **4**d. extra.

THE WOODVILLE CO.

(Late 119, REGENT STREET),

1, BERNERS ST. (3rd floor), **OXFORD ST., W. 1.**

(Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's)

Inventors, Patentees, and Sole Manufacturers and Vendors of the widely popular WOODVILLE Transformations. Maison de Confiance.

WHAT!

The Life-Boats in a paper devoted to **Pleasure and Sport!**

Why Not?

Could there be

A FINER SPORT in the WORLD than to face all the dangers of stormy seas for the sake of men's lives?

What men show more conspicuously than the Life-Boatmen those qualities which

ALL SPORTSMEN ADMIRE.

Prompt and cheerful courage, quickness of decision, refusal to admit defeat?

Will YOU help to provide these brave men with the best Life-Boats that science can devise and money can buy?

The Life-Boat Service receives **not one penny** from the State, but

IF YOU

and 249,999 other patriotic men and women will give

ONLY ONE GUINEA

a year it will be enough to maintain the Service round our **5,000 miles of coast.**

LORD HARROWBY, *Honorary Treasurer.* GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A., *Secretary.*

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

The Seasoned Smoker

The seasoned smoker fills his beloved pipe patiently and carefully, smokes slowly and rarely has need to knock. Above all, he insists on good tobacco.

"Three Nuns" is always fresh, sweet, free from dust; and thanks to its curious cut it smokes evenly to the bottom of the bowl.

THREE NUNS
TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings only:—

2-oz. Tins, 2/4

1-oz. Packets, 1/2

Also in 2-oz. packets, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 56, St. Andrew Sq., Glasgow.

THREE NUNS CIGARETTES

The same exacting care that goes to the blending of Three Nuns Tobacco is devoted to the making of Three Nuns Cigarettes. Apart from this there is no resemblance between the two, for the Cigarettes are made from pure, unblended, selected Virginia leaf only.

10 *for* 6D.

134

The territory served by the

Great Western Railway

affords the

Best Climatic Conditions

for

Winter Holidays in the Homeland

including

GLORIOUS DEVON AND **CORNISH RIVIERA**

MAGNIFICENT EXPRESS TRAINS.
RESTAURANT CARS.

Numbered and Reserved Seats can be obtained on certain trains.

G.W.R. PUBLICATIONS

Obtainable at G.W.R. Stations and Offices, or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W.2.

1. **WINTER RESORTS on the GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.** Free.
2. **"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" GUIDE for 1922,** containing list of Hotels, Boarding Houses, Apartments, etc. Price **6d.** or by post 1/3.
3. **LEGENDLAND BOOKLETS** (2). Price **6d.** each or by post 1/3 for the two.

Full information of Train Services, Fares, etc., obtainable at G.W.R. Stations and Offices, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2.

FELIX J. C. POLE, *General Manager.*

ATTRACTIVE CREPE DE CHINE PRINCESS PETTICOATS

This charming Princess Petticoat is an exact copy of a recent Paris model, and is made by our own workers from pure silk crêpe de Chine. It is cut on most becoming lines, and is suitable for day or evening wear.

PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch) in pure silk crêpe de Chine, new shaped bodice, and low waistline, trimmed with fine lace insertion. In Pink, Sky, Mauve, Yellow, Coral, Black, Jade, and Ivory.

PRICE **39/6**

In good quality silk georgette. In Mauve, Sky, Lemon, Coral, Ivory, Black, Jade, Ochre, and Grey.

PRICE **49/6**

Silver Lace Boudoir Cap, trimmed with silver wheat, **29/6.**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM, LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Bringing Prices Down

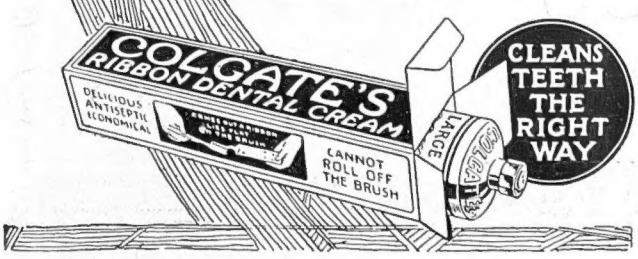
COLGATE'S Ribbon Dental Cream is now reduced in price.

Large Size 1/- (formerly 1/3)
Medium Size 6d. (formerly 7½d.)

Why—in times like these—why pay more? You know—everybody knows—there is no better dentifrice in the world than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Then why pay more?

FREE TRIAL.—Send this Coupon with your name and address; and enclose 2d. stamp, to Colgate & Co. (Dept. C.24), 46 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1. You will receive by return a dainty tube containing 42 inches Ribbon Dental Cream, post free.

Washes and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour.



XMAS PRESENTS

Real Lace in the way of Handkerchiefs, a Collar Modesty Slip, Berthé Fichu, or a length of Pretty Lace is always acceptable to a lady.

Real Lace or Finely Embroidered Handkerchiefs from 5/- to **50/-**

Also French and Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs at **21/-, 25/-, 30/-, 42/-** doz. Initials and Monograms Embroidered.

Real Lace Collars from **21/-** to **7** Guineas.

Real Lace Sets of Modesty Slip and Collar for **37/6**

Real Lace Scarves or Fichus from **30/-** to **10** Guineas.

Length of Real Lace for Lingerie or Gown Trimming from **15/-** to **£20**.

A variety of things at any prices sent for selection.

Modesty Jumper Slip Fronts
In various Real Laces, from **9/6**
The Set—Collar & Slip, 42/-

A DAINTY FRENCH SATIN BOX GIVEN WITH PURCHASES OVER **42/-**

CHILDREN'S FROCKS, SMOCKS, TUNICS, PARTY DRESSES, LADIES' GOWNS from **63/-**
BREAKFAST JACKETS from **27/6**
BABY GARMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

SELECTIONS OR PRICE LIST SENT ON APPLICATION.

P. STEINMANN & CO., 185-186, Piccadilly, London, W.1
Founded 1865.

The Right Soap for your Complexion

MAINTAIN that natural bloom of the skin by using Premier Vinolia Soap. Gently massage the face with its pure lather, and your complexion will respond with an added feeling of freshness and charm.

Health is the handmaid of beauty, and Premier Vinolia Soap is the servant of health. Premier Vinolia Soap cleanses and stimulates the skin, ensuring the beauty of your complexion.

6D. *per Tablet.*
Bath Size Tablet, 10D.

Vinolia Talcum Powder (Royal Series) is delightfully refreshing after the toilet and bath. In handsome tins of Wedgwood design, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON

RV 522—34a

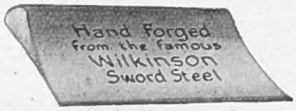
WILKINSON

Hollow Ground Safety Shaver.

THE Wilkinson **Hollow Ground** Safety Shaver revolutionises all existing ideas of what a Safety Razor should be and should do.

The blades are real razor blades, **hollow ground and hand forged.** They will give a clean shave with that velvet-precision hitherto only associated with the skilled barber and a straight razor.

The roller guard is a special feature which feeds the lather on to the cutting edge and guides the shaver to the slight angle movement of the barber. Each set is complete with automatic stropper.



Made of the finest **British Steel** by **British Craftsmen**—the Wilkinson is a triumph for **British Industry,** and while the first cost is a little more than the "throw-away" kind, it is the last, **and is true economy in the long run.**

The set comprising 7 **Hollow Ground Blades,** adjustable Shaver Holder, Patent Automatic Stropping Machine and Setting Handle, complete in Walnut Case ... **42/-**

The Set, as opposite, with 3 Hollow Ground Blades .. **25/-**

Sold Everywhere.

The WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.,
53 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. 1.

Gun, Sword & Equipment Makers. *Razor Manufacturers.*

T. H. RANDOLPH, Managing Director. Works: ACTON, W. 4.

GRACEFUL TEA FROCKS
OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

This charming Tea Frock is an exact copy of an exclusive French Model, and is made by our own workers from rich tinsel brocade. The illustration is a typical example of the many lovely Tea Frocks and Tea Gowns we have now in stock.

TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality clinging tinsel brocade, the bodice draped at left side, skirt cut with pointed train at side front, showing the more pronounced shades of the reverse of the material, wing panel hanging from right shoulder, large velvet bow of rich taffeta finished ribbon. In Black and Silver and a variety of Oriental colourings.

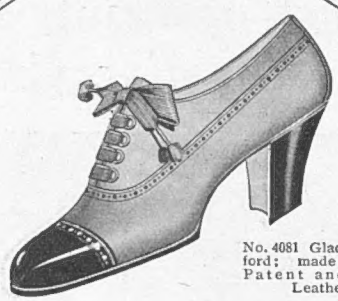
PRICE
25½ Gns.

This Gown can be supplied in satin beauté. Price **16½** Gns.

In rich quality chiffon velvet, Price **14½** Gns.

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody
(INCORPORATED LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.



No. 4081 Glacé Kid Oxford; made also in Patent and Suède Leathers.

Shoes are your silent ambassadors!

WHEN you're staying at an hotel or with friends your shoes, for cleaning, go to somebody unknown to you. But *you* are known as the owner of these shoes and their standard of quality reflects on you, favourably or otherwise. If yours are Portland Shoes you can feel a pride that others than yourself can appreciate your good taste. Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.

Portland
A SHOE OF QUALITY

In case of difficulty apply to
T. ROBERTS & SONS,
Portland Shoe Works, LEICESTER.

ALLEN-BROWN'S English Violet

Perfumes, Toilet Preparations & Novelties Make Charming Christmas Gifts.

Satin Envelope Sachets.
Size, 2¼ ins. × 1¾ ins.

In mauve boxes of 3.
5/6 post free.

Lavender Smelling Salts.
Price **6/9** post free.

Allen-Brown's Purple Box of Violet Toilet Preparations. Containing: Toilet Powder, Perfume, Foam, Bath Salts, Sachets, Soap, Dental Cream.
Price **27/9** post free.

WRITE for DAINTY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET showing a large variety of Allen-Brown's Toilet Preparations and Novelties. Sent free on request.

Obtainable from The Army & Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W.
THE MISSES A. & D. ALLEN-BROWN,
The Violet Nurseries, HENFIELD, Sussex.

"And here choose I: joy be the consequence!"

BASSANIO - MERCHANT of VENICE.

THERE is no difficulty in choosing appropriate presents at Boots The Chemists. In their Fancy, Leather, Silver, Book, Toilet, Perfumery and Art Depts. are displayed articles in such variety and of such quality that you can select quickly the very thing for everyone you wish to remember.

Just walk into one of Boots branches to-day! You will find a hundred and one things offered at prices that will enable you to effect a substantial saving on your Christmas shopping this year.

Gift Boots Departments

CHIEF LONDON BRANCHES:

182 Regent Street, W.1,
112-118 Edgware Rd., W.2

Over 640 branches throughout the Country.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

GLOVES

THAT CAN BE RELIED UPON WITH THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE

Suitable for Christmas Presents

Heavy Deerskin Gauntlet 7B. length in Tan and Slate selected leather.
17/9 per pair
Also 10B. length line pull on heavy Suede. Super quality in Brown and Grey, **14/11** per pair.

G8. Mocha unlined Chevrette Washing Suede in an excellent quality in Black, Dark Grey, Light and Dark Beaver, and White, as sketch.
19/6 per pair
Also the same model, as sketch, in best Tan Nappa leather.
12/6 per pair.

Beaver Colour Fur Gauntlet, lined wool, strap wrist, best Doe palms.
29/6 per pair
Also Black, Skunk, Rabbit Tan Cape, palm lined wool,
27/9 per pair.

Also large Gauntlet, Black Coney Fur, lined Fur throughout, Grey Doe palms
54/9 per pair.

Superior quality Chevrette Suede, Mocha finish, in Black, Slate, Beaver, and Tan. Two-button.
6/11 per pair.
Cavendish Gauntlet shape, reliable for fit and wear.
9/3 per pair.

Tan Cape Leather, lined wool, fur wrists.
17/6 per pair.

Two dome Arabian lamb kid, lined Fur throughout, in Tan and Slate
18/6 per pair.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W 1

Sent on Approval.

A Thing of Beauty and a Joy for Everybody

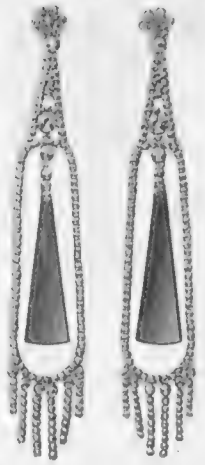
The Bystander Annual

NOW ON SALE. PRICE 2/-.

Published at the Graphic Bldgs., Whitefriars, London, E.C.4

WOOLLANDS

Xmas Bazaar Now Open.



F. 153. The "Tanqueray" Earring, Jade and Cut Steel, length 4¾ ins.
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Woollands are not incorporated with any other house, but enjoy all the advantages of personal control.

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Height 11½ ins., **3/11½**
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F. 254. The "Vera" Popular Armlet Model of Rich Black Broché Moire Taffeta, lined Grey Brocade, Handsome mount of MARCASSITE. Fitted Purse Division, Mirror, and Silk Envelope, 8½ ins. x 6½ ins.
Excellent Value for **99/6**

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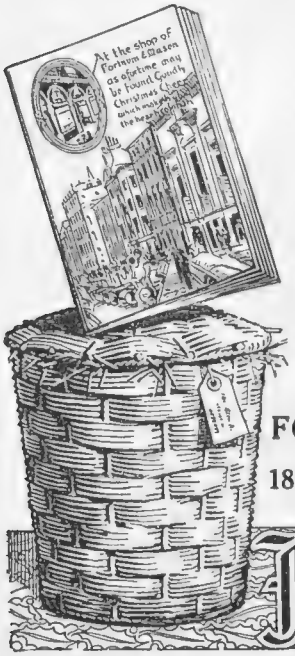
Some of the many good things are indicated herein, but particulars and prices of each hamper (there are seven in all) are given in the handsomely illustrated catalogue, which will be sent free on request.



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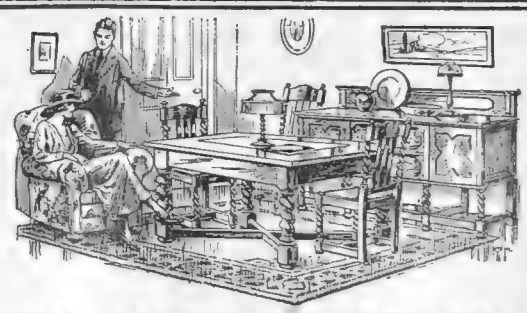

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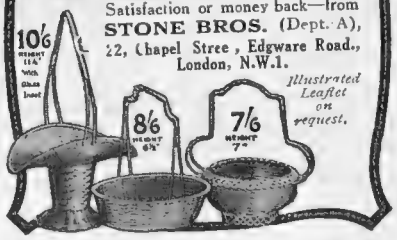

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Length 16 inches	3 Gns	Length 16 inches	4 Gns
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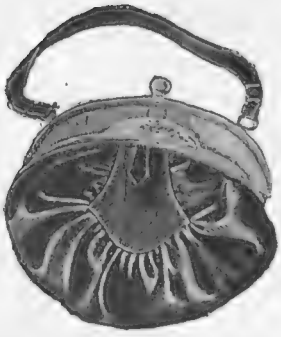

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This model can be copied in other shades or materials to order.

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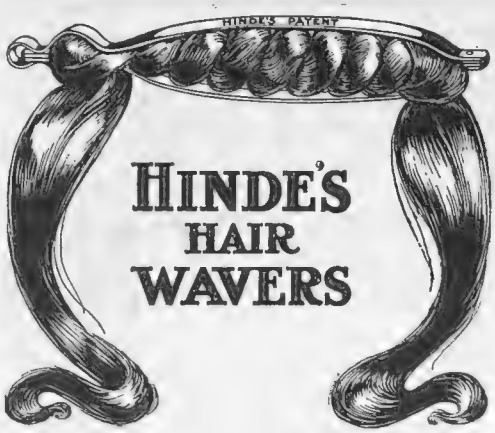

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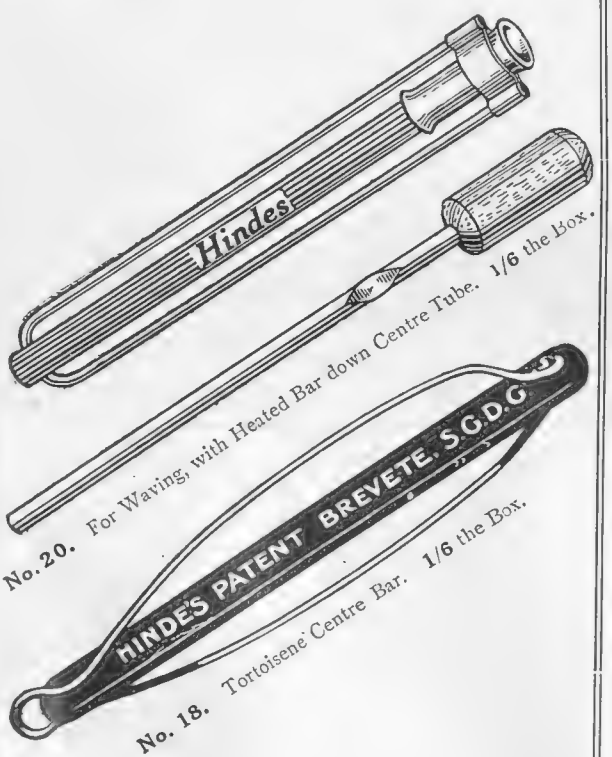

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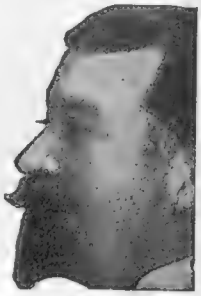

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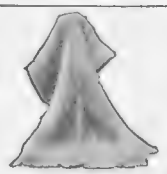

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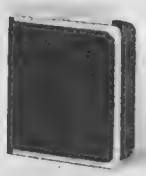

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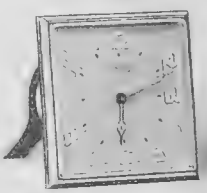

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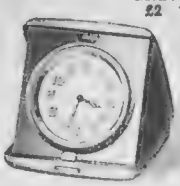

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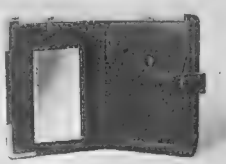

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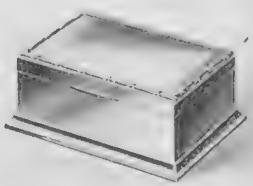

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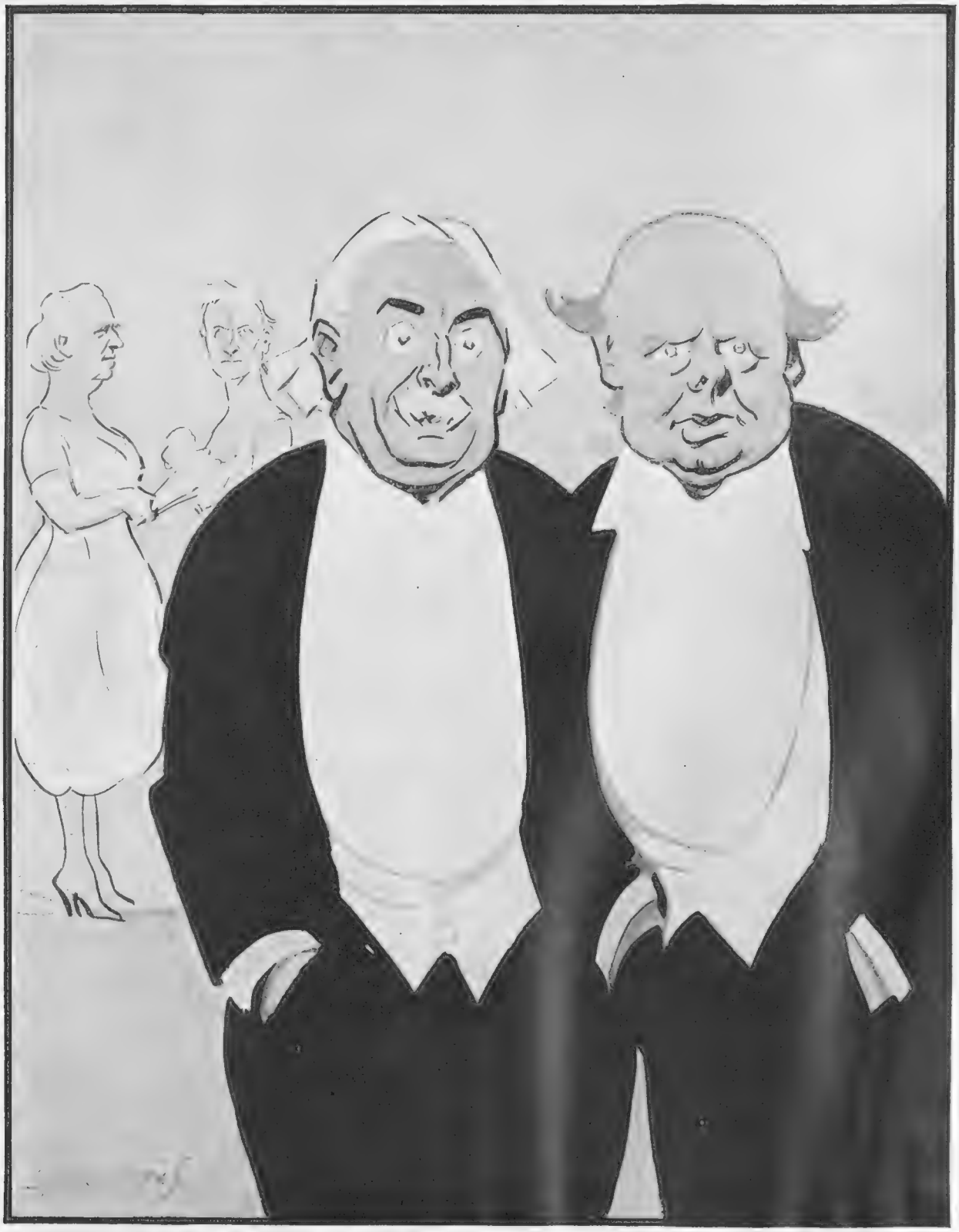
The Bystander, December 6, 1922 No. 992. Vol. LXXVI,

The BYSTANDER



BY H. H. HARRIS

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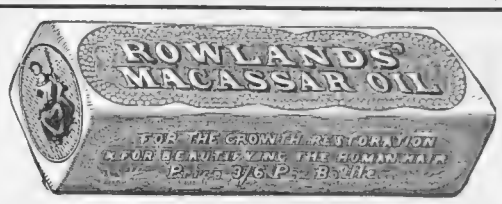

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PUSSY AND THE PEERAGE — IN THE SAME BOAT

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

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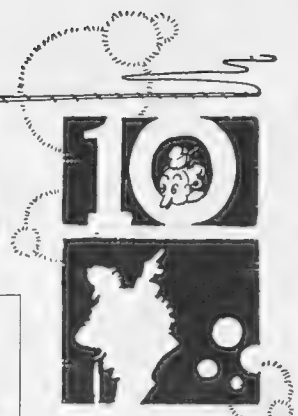


HE SPOKE TO A HOUSEMAID IN DOWNING STREET

Pussy and the Peerage

AT Marienbad they are placing a tax on cats of thirteen shillings per head—not because they hold pussy in esteem, but to wipe her out of existence. Taxes always have that effect, as our trade returns have proved. We don't tax a lord because we love him—pussy and the peerage are in the same boat in that respect—but a cat has nine lives and a peer has only one.

Railways Closed

I SHOULDN'T think the new Communist Parliamentary Party of one will get much support from the railwaymen, when they read that 20,000 miles of Soviet railway line are to be closed owing to the shortage of fuel and money. Neither will THE BYSTANDER waste much sympathy on Mr. Newbould, for when the railways close down, Messrs. Smith and Wyman will not be in a position to sell our very excellent Christmas number—to say nothing of the usual weekly editions.

"Some Satirist"

IN his very excellent volume, *Queer People*, which Hodder and Stoughton have just handed out to a waiting world, Sir Basil Thomson says:

We were busy talking about the end of the War as early as October, 1916, so busy that some satirist circulated the following rhyme:

Accurate evidence have I none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat,
Say to a nursemaid down our street,
That he knew a man who had a friend
Who said *he* knew when the War would end!

Why We Know!

I'M sorry to correct Sir Basil, but he hasn't got the immortal lines quite right. The policeman did *not* speak to "a nursemaid down our street." He spoke instead to "a housemaid in Downing Street." And there are other inaccuracies which I hope will be corrected in the second edition of this jolly book. Sir Basil might also mention, when that second edition *does* come along, that the famous verse was written by Reginald Arkell, and, what's more, was first printed in THE BYSTANDER!

As He Was!

I NOTICE in glancing through a review of the new *Encyclopædic Britannica*, that the War period has resulted in 5,335,000 words being added to this monumental work. My reviewer also comments on the fact that while Mr. Bonar Law is entered under "L," Mr. Lloyd George is also entered under the same letter, a distinction, which he appears to think a trifle invidious. But surely the reason is purely mathematical. If Mr. Lloyd George had been catalogued as Mr. George, there would have been one word the less, and the grand total would have been 5,334,999, which doesn't look half so neat as the present figure. As General Krasian says in *The Last Waltz*: "Oh, very untidy, very untidy! As you were!" Or should it be "As he was!"?

My Appeal to L.G.

THESE double-barrelled names always create a lot of trouble until they become officially hyphenated. It isn't always the fault of the owner—like Topsy, they have a habit of growing. I don't suppose our late Prime Minister was very deeply perturbed when a rude opposition paper persistently

AN ACTOR OR AN AUTHOR WITH A FULLY-PAID INTEREST IN A PRESS-CUTTING AGENCY.

LIKE TOPSY THEY HAVE A HABIT OF GROWING

referred to him as "Mr. George," but the studied insult nearly resulted in a revolution, and even his bitterest enemies felt that it was playing the game a bit too low. In order to prevent further misunderstandings may I appeal to him to become Mr. Lloyd-George, and so settle the matter once and for all. He may think this is a trivial matter, but a great deal depends upon it. I should hate to think that there were only 5,334,999 additional words in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*—5,335,000 is such a nice round figure!

Alarums in the Adelphi

THE Adelphi is one of those threatened institutions that lives long, but there seems to be a definite idea afoot that drastic alterations are really contemplated at last. Not next year, perhaps, but as soon as the all-too-short leases fall in. I hope this is another false alarm. There have been similar scares before. You remember the howl that went up during the War when the R.A.F. settled in John Street—a shrill alarm that was never justified by results. Let us pray that the present alarums and excursions will have a similarly happy ending.

By W. F. Blood

"WHO SAID OIL?"

A Model Village

WHAT a perfectly model little village is this Adelphi. It has a theatre of its own and a hotel all to itself. There is the village shop where one may buy oranges and vegetables in season; there is a publisher who cares for our minds, and a doctor who cares for our bodies. There is a club and a society—both more or less learned. There are distinguished inhabitants, and, if the village ever achieves the dignity of a borough, what a choice of Mayors the inhabitants would have to be sure. Can you picture Mr. Bernard Shaw hurling political invective at Sir James Barrie? No! Neither can I.

A Tale of the Thames

BELOW Adelphi Terrace lie the Embankment Gardens and, lower still, the river. Was there ever such a view as you get from the windows of the Savage Club on a November afternoon or on a June evening? What poet was that who sang of the Adelphi:

When Father Thames would roam at will
From Westminster to Ludgate Hill,
They put him into concrete stays
And sent him down considered ways.

They built hotels upon the Strand,
They raised a railway station, and
Set happy flowers and lawns of green
Where his old waterways had been.

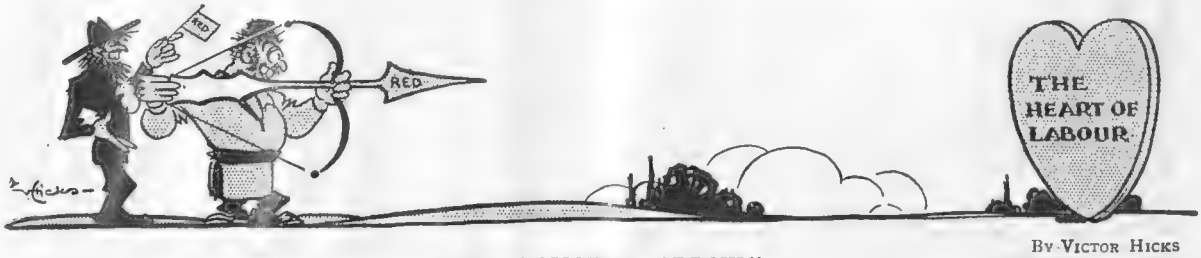
But, best of all, with loving care,
They planted the Adelphi there,
And, from my window, I can see
Old Father Thames smile up at me.

A Kindly Critic

SIR WILLOUGHBY MAYCOCK is dead. That simple fact may mean very little to some people and a great deal to others. Probably you have never heard of a paper called *Horse and Hound*—why should you, unless you are of that happy minority who hunt in the shires? But, if you are an actor or an author with a fully-paid interest in a news-cutting agency, you will have received records of your achievement, written in kindly, well-informed fashion, by a writer whose love of the theatre shone through every word that he ever penned. Willoughby Maycock had lived long, and his judgment of men and things had ripened and sweetened in the sunshine of experience. His criticism was of a school that is passing—more's the pity.

Football Highbrows

HAVING nothing better to do, I adventured out to Stamford Bridge to see Chelsea play their last home match. It was a disappointing experience, though the fact that the home team was beaten didn't contribute to my failure to extract entertainment from the proceedings. The Chelsea team contains a number of football highbrows, and the highbrow is always a pest wherever he is found. Some of these Chelsea players seemed to have a soul above scoring goals. They seemed to me to be obsessed with an idea of their own cleverness—a



By Victor Hicks

"THE POISONED ARROW"

common fault with highbrows. They certainly are very clever, but while they were tapping the ball with the backs of their heels, the other players—rough, rude fellows of course—were getting on with the job of winning the match.

Cabaret Shows

THESE cabaret shows are increasing to such an extent that they will soon form a serious counter-attraction to a certain class of theatrical entertainment. At the new Grafton Galleries Club, they have just started "The Midnight Revel" with a company of round about twenty performers in addition to a large orchestra. The spot turn is Jessica Brown, butI was very taken with the way in which Fayette Perry leads the chorus in a series of bright numbers. The most practised cabaret performer is Lola Krasavina, who is up to all the dodges of this new game.

LADY MOSS
Another patron and helper at the Victory Corps Bazaar

A Great Actress

NOBODY should miss the long article by Hannen Swaffer on Sybil Thorndike in this week's *Graphic*. It gives a very detailed account of the great actress's amazingly diversified career on the stage in this country and on tour in America, in which she had a hard battle before general recognition of her wonderful powers came. She had years of struggle, but now, as Mr. Swaffer says, "to thousands of us she is the acting hope of the British theatre." There are many other notable features in a remarkably varied and attractive issue of this popular weekly.

LADY WATSON—A BRILLIANT PIANIST
Who, with her amateur band, supplied the music at the charity dance and bazaar held last week in aid of the Victory Corps. Lady Watson is the wife of Sir Francis Watson

Specially autographed three minute sketches by "Poli"
H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL
Who opened the Victory Corps Fancy Fair last week at the Hotel Cecil to help patriotic persons in distress

The New Countess of Cavan

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

PRINCESS MARY'S LADY-IN-WAITING, AFTER HER MARRIAGE

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales attended the marriage of General the Earl of Cavan, K.P., Chief of the Imperial General Staff, with Lady Joan Mulholland, daughter of the late Earl of Strafford and of Emily Countess of Strafford, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The Prince also signed the register as a witness. The honeymoon is being spent at the bridegroom's place, Primrose House, Roehampton, owing to his inability to go far away on account of his military duties

Photograph *Topical*

THE SENIOR SERVICE AT SOUTHAMPTON

After the ceremony at St. John's Church, Rownhams, Southampton, where the marriage was solemnised between Miss Sylvia Townsend Cobbold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Hills Cobbold, of Brownhill House, Nurseling, and Lieut. Robert Henry Vivian Sivewright, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sivewright, of Jersey

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

An Empress of Tears

I THINK the most pathetic figure in Europe to-day is the Empress Marie Féodorovna, who arrived from Denmark last week to visit her sister, Queen Alexandra. The hideous revolution in Russia has not only swept away the world in which she reigned as Empress and Empress-mother, but it has destroyed her children.

Of her own sufferings at the hands of the Bolshevists little is known, but after the revolution broke out and she took refuge in the Crimea, she was subjected to every indignity. It was long before the Empress could be persuaded to leave, but there is little doubt that had she remained any longer she would have met the fate of her son, the Tsar, and the other members of the Imperial Family.

The Bolshevists spared nobody. They even killed the saintly Grand Duchess Serge, the sister of the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, although she was a professed nun. Through the devotion of her sister, the Grand Duchess's body was found, and taken to Palestine where it was buried.

Revolution has taken a heavy toll of the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, for now, following the murder of her sisters — the Tsarina and the Grand Duchess Serge—in Russia, it looks as if her son-in-law, Prince Andrew of Greece, may be put upon trial for his life. Prince Andrew married the elder of her two daughters.

Before foreign Royal titles were abolished in England, the members of the Milford Haven family were addressed by four different Royal titles. Prince Louis of Battenberg was "Your Serene Highness," his wife (the Dowager Marchioness) was "Your Grand-Ducal Highness," the elder daughter Princess Andrew of Greece, was "Your Royal Highness," the two sons and the younger daughter were "Your Highness."

Photograph *Sport and General*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MOTHER

Who celebrated her 78th birthday last week. Her sister, the ex-Empress Marie Féodorovna of Russia, is staying with Her Majesty on a visit from Denmark

Manners and Customs

THERE is good news for all of us who have the Riviera, as the Turks say, "in the centre of our contemplation." By the time these words reach your eager eyes a through coach with first-class seats and *lits salons* will be running every day between Calais and Hyères, attached to the through Calais-Ventimiglia train, which you catch by leaving Victoria at eleven of the clock in the morning—a nice, comfortable hour to start. Furthermore, luggage registered through from London to Hyères is examined only on your arrival at that pleasant spot—what a saving of time and tempers!

Perhaps other countries will follow the lead thus set by France, and stop the senseless custom bred by the War of treating incoming travellers as if each and every one of them were spies, political conspirators, or master-smugglers in a huge line of business.

Only a few weeks ago an English

Photograph *Smith, Edinburgh*

A "ROYAL" BUT NOT AN "ANCIENT" PLAYER

H.R.H. Prince George on the last green at Burgess Course, Barnton, when he represented his ship, H.M.S. Mackay, against the Clan Mackay, in Edinburgh last week. Recently he was the guest of the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie at Alloa House, Clackmannanshire, for a few days

lady of my acquaintance going from Austria to Italy was ordered by a very young Italian Customs officer at the frontier to be searched. She was hauled into a room, forced to undress, and put through all the humiliation of an "inquisition" by a female Customs' person whose hands, apparently, had not seen soap and water for many moons.

She is a woman of some consequence, and has lived in Italy for many years. In answer to her indignant protest to the responsible Minister, she was told that the young Customs man evidently suffered from *trop de zéle*, but as there is such a large staff of Customs officials on the frontiers it was not surprising that those who were "ambitious to justify their existence should sometimes be the victims of their own conscientiousness." Scarcely a consoling reply to the justly indignant lady, or a pleasant prospect for English travellers crossing the Italian frontiers.

But since that particular Minister passed this offensive reply, Mussolini has arrived, and his place knows him no more. Perhaps the new Italian Prime Minister will inculcate some of the Fascisti principles into the minds of the Customs Dogberrys, who make a crossing of any of the Italian frontiers a nightmare.

Baron Sidney Sonnino

SPEAKING of Italy, a great figure has been removed by the death of Baron Sidney Sonnino. The English newspapers invariably called him Baron Sonnino, but the title was held by his elder brother. He was one of the first noblemen in Italy to go into politics, and was so direct and straightforward in his methods that he could rarely hold a party together for long.

Sonnino was an extraordinary man. He never went anywhere except to Countess Francesatti's at the Palazzo Barberini in Rome, and there you found him every evening. Yet he knew everything that was going on. His mother was an Englishwoman, which doubtless accounted for his life-long attempt to apply English ideals to Italian politics. But if he was a failure politically, he will be remembered as the man who broke the Triple Alliance and brought Italy into the War on the side of the Allies.

Photograph] **ALL SMILES** *[L.N.A.*

Captain T. H. Melford-Mee, The Wiltshire Regiment, and Miss Constance Beresford Butler, daughter of Dr. A. J. Butler, of Brasenose College, leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, after their marriage

Our Newest Lecturer

LADY NORAH BENTINCK has struck out a new line of country. She has started on a lecturing tour, the subject being her travels, and if they are as sprightly and observant as her writings she should make a success. It was Lady Norah who gave the world the first account of the ex-Kaiser in his exile at Amerongen.

She is a daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough by his second marriage, and married Count Robert Bentinck, a member of the English branch of the Bentinck family, during the War.

Photograph *Backhouse*

WAY DOWN EAST

Captain Egerton Spencer, M.C., 17th Q.V.O. Poona Horse, second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Spencer, of Salisbury, and Miss Maisie Jennings, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. W. T. Jennings, after their marriage at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Poona, India

It was his kinsman of the Dutch branch of the family who was practically forced to be the host and keeper of the ex-Kaiser until the German Government decided what they considered due to the ex-monarch from his property in Prussia. When that was settled the ex-Kaiser removed to Doorn, much to the relief of his host, who had grown a little tired of the continuance of an arrangement he had undertaken to help the Dutch Government in a delicate and embarrassing moment.

Will it be Marriage à la Mode?

IF Lady Joan Mulholland—now my Lady Countess of Cavan—

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE AVON VALE MEET AT SHAW HOUSE, WILTS.

Mr. R. C. Hoare, the Huntsman (on the extreme left), and Lieut.-Col. A. T. Miller, the Master, assemble the pack

Photograph] **FOUR HUNTING SISTERS** *[Topical*

The Marchioness of Blandford, Lady Hillingdon, the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford and Lady Stanley, daughters of the late Viscount Chelsea and nieces of the present Earl of Cadogan, at a meet of the Grafton Hunt

has set a fashion in marriages she will have earned the undying gratitude of everybody except the dressmakers. No bridesmaids, no reception—in short, no fuss except that made by other people.

At one moment it seemed as if no honeymoon was to be added to the other no's, but as the Turks were not massing on any frontier, and Lord Curzon is casting oil on troubled waters at Lausanne, it was possible for the newly married pair to go into Dorset.

The Prince of Wales attended the wedding, still rather lame from his accident, and in response to the announcement "friends will be welcome at the church," more friends arrived than the church would hold.

Photograph *Central News*

WAITING FOR THE BIRDS TO BREAK COVER

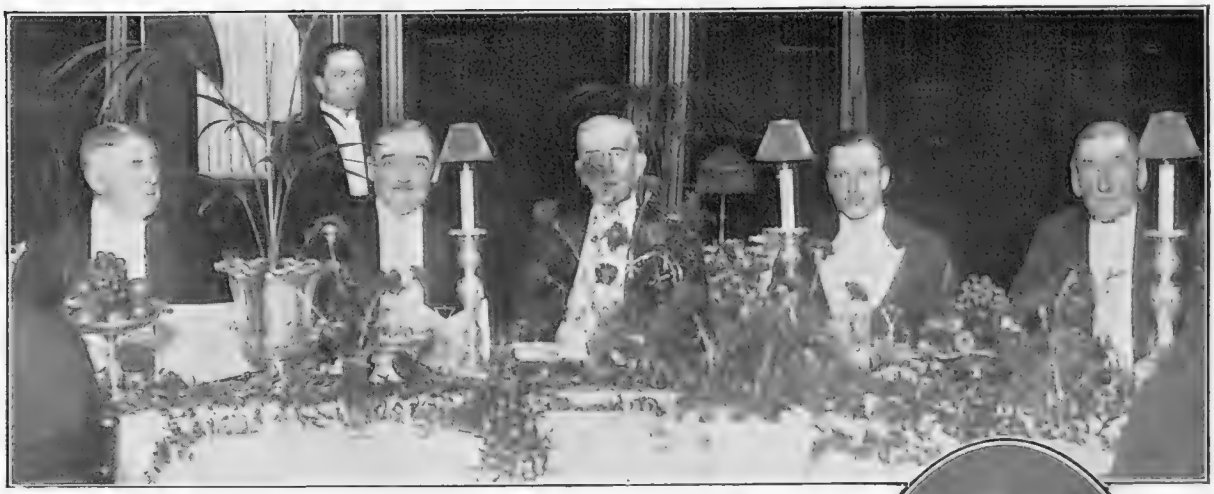
Lord and Lady St. Oswald on Lord Denman's shoot at Balcombe Place, one of the premier spots in that paradise for sportsmen, the Sussex Downs

A New Tenor

A NEW tenor has burst upon London, Mr. Anthony Williams. So far, I believe, he has made no public appearance beyond a concert at Lord and Lady Forres's (whom we knew until recently as Sir Archibald and Lady Williamson) house in Belgrave Square. It is a fine voice, trained by Jean de Reszké. Mr. Williams made a great impression, but I should like to hear him in a bigger space. There seemed to me a Caruso-like quality in his voice, which calls for a big concert hall or theatre to judge its effect. If the much-talked-of opera season at Covent Garden next summer—opera on the old lines—eventuates, perhaps Mr. Williams will have a chance then. We don't produce tenor voices such as his very often in England.

"And Here's a How-D'ye-Do!"

THERE'S been a great how-d'ye-do amongst a band of ladies organising a charity entertainment. A dame of pomp and circumstance



Photograph *L.N.A.*

PRINCE HENRY AT THE DINNER OF THE GIMCRACK CLUB

Lord Woolavington was the guest of the evening at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club at York last week, and as winner of the Derby with Captain Cuttle, and the Gimcrack Stakes with Town Guard, he was overwhelmed with congratulations. He also heads the list of winning owners with the sum of £32,008. Left to right: Sir Berkeley Moynihan, Sir Algernon Firth, Lord Woolavington, H.R.H. Prince Henry, and Mr. James Melross, the chairman of the club

was asked for her patronage and help. Being kind, and wishing to help this particular charity, she readily agreed.

One morning she received a letter, and began reading it, as everybody does, without even glancing to see what followed the opening "Dear." Before she got to the bottom of the page she realised something was wrong. She was mentioned by name, and the following sentence advised that her name should be used for all it was worth, but that the lady herself should not be allowed to have a hand in any arrangements as she was extremely tiresome and a "fuss-box!"

It was only then that the dame looked at the top of the letter, and lo! the name of another member of the committee followed the "Dear."

She read no more, but turned to the signature of the letter. It was from the lady who had started the entertainment and had been made secretary.

Here was a delicate question. Should she return the letter to the sender, or pass it on to the person for whom it was intended? The envelope was addressed to herself—therefore the mistake was clear, the ancient story of wrong letters in the wrong envelopes.

The expression "fuss-box" turned the scale. She returned the letter with its envelope to the sender. That dame must have felt extremely small and mortified by her own stupidity. But apparently she believed that she who clamours first gets the advantage. First she wrote to the "fuss-box" dame saying how dishonourable it was to read a letter intended for another person; then she said the same thing to all the members of the committee, declaring that she would withdraw from the entertainment altogether if a person so lost to every sense of—— well, you can imagine what she would say — had anything to do with it.

So there has been a pretty fight, and so many of the Committee think that Lady ——— has behaved "dishonourably," and so many of them think she hasn't, that in all probability there won't be an entertainment at all.

Photograph *Bassano*

FOR CHARITY

The Marchioness of Londonderry, who is holding an exhibition and sale of the embroideries and work done by the disabled men of the War Service Legion, at Londonderry House, Park Lane, on Tuesday and Wednesday next, December 12 and 13

THE BOYS OF ELLESMERE COLLEGE IN "HENRY IV

Shakespeare's "Henry IV, Part I," was presented last week by the boys of Ellesmere College, Shropshire, and proved an appreciated success. Good acting has become a tradition at this school, and the present production—the thirty-second of the series—showed that the standard is fully maintained, if one may judge from the enthusiastic reception accorded by a large audience of parents, old boys and friends

A Peacock Revel of the East

BY HELEN McKIE

Most striking of all the gorgeous and historic dresses worn at last week's great ball at the Albert Hall for the Ypres League, was Princess Astafieva's, whose costume as the Queen of Sheba consisted chiefly of a colossal headdress of peacock's feathers, before which the majesty of Cleopatra, Helen of Troy and other famous heroines there bowed in respectful homage. It was Mayfair's ball, and Mayfair made it a surprising success.

The Riviera Week by Week

By H. L. Oakley

The Cannes Sunshine

YES, the sun *can* shine in Cannes! I don't know how many days of fog you have had this November in London—and being perfectly sunburnt and callous I don't care—but here we have had so far twenty-seven full days of sunshine, and by the look of the sky this evening we shall have at least three more, which may be considered 100 per cent. efficiency. Overcoats in the North are *de rigueur*, and the last straw hat has, I feel sure, disappeared from the Strand, while here the beach is covered every morning with happy children digging in the sand, as children have done since sand was first invented, and even paddling, while their elders laze in comfortable chairs along the Croisette, and chuckle over the Riviera Number of The Bystander

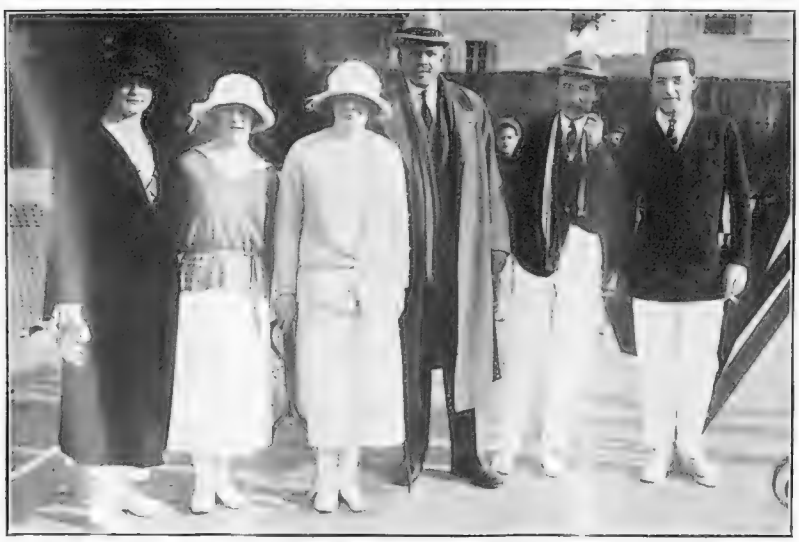
I HAVE never seen so many people at once reading copies of any magazine. On the day the supplies arrived, every other person had the blue and gold cover on his—or her—lap. At Nice the next morning I saw quite as many copies on the Promenade des Anglais—the Promenade of the Unemployed, as Sir Frederick Treves calls it, because it was originally started a hundred years ago for the benefit of the unemployed of that day, and has been ever since the happy resort of those of leisure, though for different reasons.

ONE of the brightest and most cheery spots along the coast has just re-opened for the winter. The Cercle Nautique, where the genial president, Baron J. de Meyronnet de Saint-Marc, held an informal reception the other day, is the oldest and most exclusive Club on the Riviera, and was for many years a favourite resort of King Edward when Prince of Wales. Its handsome suites of rooms—the scene of the historic Conference of Cannes—and its sunny terrace form the geographical and social centre of the Croisette. There are reading and writing rooms, a magnificent ballroom, where dances will be resumed in the course of a week or two, plenty of accommodation for bridge, and a very well equipped American bar—the name still persists, I suppose, because it contains all those things which America bars—presided over by the expert who originally opened the bar at the Piccadilly Hotel. Among those present at the opening I noticed the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, Count and Countess Bernard de Pourtales—the Countess was a Miss Hubbard—Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. J. G. Taylor, the British Vice-Consul and his wife, Mr. Clement Ogden, who is, as usual, at the Villa Cortlandt with his mother, Captain and Mrs. W. Bradley, the latter a sister of Mr. Clement Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. H. Chambers, Mr. de Glos, and Mr. and Mrs. MacNamara.

Photograph *Howard*

WINTERING AT CANNES

From left to right will be seen: Miss Margaret Wright Clark, Mrs. Conings by Dawson, Master Campbell Wright Clark, Master MacGregor Dawson (baby), and Mr. Conings by Dawson, the novelist



Photograph *G.P.U.*

AT THE CARLTON LAWN TENNIS CLUB

A group of players at the Carlton Tennis Club, Cannes. Left to right: Miss Burke, secretary of the club, Miss Broughton Sir Delves Broughton's sister, Miss Orr-Lewis Lady Orr-Lewis's daughter, the Rajah of Pudukota, Viscount Clemaasin du Maine, and Mr. Albert Burke

H. H. The Aga Khan, one of Nice's regular visitors from the East, has arrived for the winter months. The Rajah and Ranee of Pudukota are in their magnificent villa near Cannes, and their Rolls-Royce is one of the familiar features of the Rue d'Antibes and the Croisette. King Alphonso's promised visit in the spring is eagerly looked forward to, while the King of Sweden never fails to pass a month or two at Nice, though on the last two occasions his return has been marred, the year before last by the death of the Crown Princess, and last year by a motor smash in which he was injured on his way homewards. Ex-King Manoel and his Queen and Queen Amelie are expected as usual, though this year they will be without their faithful friend and courtier, the Marquis de Soveral. I saw him last strolling in the grounds of the Grand Hotel on the Cap d'Antibes

(Continued on page 678)

Riviera Pearls and their Setting:

No. 3. MELANIE OF MONTE CARLO

early in June, and noticed the effects of his illness, little realising that it would be his last visit to the South he loved so much. But the greatest ambition of the Riviera is to have a visit from the grandson of the monarch whose statue stands near the Casino. If the Prince of Wales should come South for a little polo or a rest he will have a welcome as hearty as any he has had in all his travels. There are rumours, but only rumours at present.

Now that the Cannes Casino is open everyone is happy. And we hear that the season is to be a record one as regards the number of leading artists and operas to be produced here. The American tenor, Mr. John MacCormack, is to be heard here sometime in February. After an extensive hunting trip through the Canadian North-west, Lady David Yule has returned to London, and will arrive here the first part of December. Lady Yule has spent the past number of seasons here at her beautiful property, Villa Esterel Terrace.

Sir Alan Johnston has opened his Villa La Farigoule for the season. Lady Johnston, who was formerly Miss Pinchet of Washington, D.C., is due to arrive from London early in December. Villa Nevada, the beautiful property of the late Duchess of Albany, is to be occupied this season by Mr. and Mrs. Barrington White. They spent part of the summer season at Evian les Bains.

Princess Sarka Karageorgevitch, who is an American, is among those who flock to the Riviera early in the season. Princess Karageorgevitch purchased last season the pretty Villa Florentina for a permanent winter residence.

Early arrivals this past week include: Lady Y. Woodman, Sir Henry Ledgard, Lieut.-Colonel M. R. Head, Colonel J. Shaunnessy, Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Wilson, Princess Taissa Idelson, and Lady Mary Nelson.

The Grand Duke Cyrille of Russia, who recently claimed his right to the Russian throne, has returned to Cannes from Brittany, where he spent the summer months with the Grand Duchess and his three children, Princesses Marie and Kyra, and the young Prince Vladimir. The Grand Duke has taken Villa des Anges for the season.

Photograph *Thorburn*

THE TROUBADOUR

A quaint figure who sits on the Franco-Italian frontier near Mentone and sings all day

Lady Cheylesmore (*née* Vanderbilt) who is at present visiting friends in America, is to spend the winter season here.

General Sir Arthur Paget arrived this past week at Château Garibondy, where he will stay until the latter part of March.

Margaret Lady Waterlow (*née* Hamilton) has opened her Villa Monterey for the season. Lady Waterlow by her extensive entertaining adds much to the social life here during the winter.

From Paris we hear that Mr. Perry Belmont, ex-American Ambassador to Spain, is to spend the season here, arriving the latter part of December.

Ex-King Manoel of Portugal, travelling under the name of Count d'Oruem, has engaged a suite at the Grand Hotel here, and will arrive early in December.

Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse are to spend the season here at the Hotel Bellevue. The Princess was formerly Miss Elizabeth Reed Rogers of New York. It will be remembered that Prince Christian of Hesse became greatly disliked, and finally banished from Germany because of his open criticism as to the German methods of warfare. Since his banishment from Germany the Prince has spent most of his time in France and England.

Lady Wemyss, who was at the Compiegne for the inauguration of the monument on Armistice Day, when Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Wester Wemyss, was decorated with the *Médaille Militaire* by President Millerand of France, has returned to Ville Montbrilliant.

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, daughter of the late Duchess of Albany, is expected here shortly from Holland, where she is visiting with the Queen Mother of Holland.

Another yearly visitor here expected shortly is Lady Sarah Wilson. It will be remembered that last season Lady Wilson was the guest of Prince and Princess Christopher of Greece at Villa Kasbeck.

Photograph] [*Percy brown*

HERALDING DECEMBER

An early photograph from Chamonix, where many will soon be going for their winter sports

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

A New Conversational Competition.

IN the "Bystander Christmas Annual" —you have already bought it, of course — there are two Bateman drawings, one of two clubmen in conversation and the other of two navvies exchanging a few friendly words over their early morning cigarettes and shovels. Here you have two more, equally amusing, typically lifelike, but—

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

Precisely.

In the "Christmas Annual" we asked you to supply some snappy little title. For instance, the costers might be saying:

"Called me 'arf drunk, 'e did."

"Wot you 'arf drunk, Bill! I like the 'ARF. Hinsult I calls it!"

But you will, of course, think of something much cleverer both for the old ladies and the "pearly gents." Send it to us.

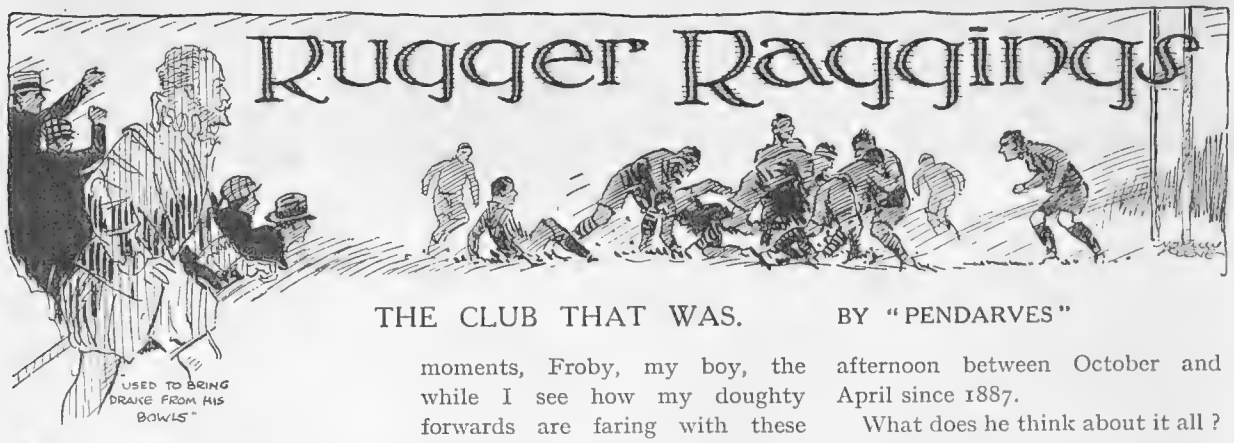
CONVERSATION NO 3:
TWO LADIES FROM LEWISHAM

CONVERSATION NO. 4: THE COSTERS

Including these and the two published in the "Bystander Annual," four have been published, and in next week's issue will be found two more, completing the set of six. A prize of Three Guineas is offered for the best title to each individual drawing, and for the best complete set of six titles an additional prize of Ten Guineas.

The Editor's decision is final.

The closing date for the Competition is January 31, 1923. Full particulars will be found on the coupon on page xvi which must be detached and forwarded to "The Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Graphic Buildings, E.C.4." Each envelope to be marked "Competition."



THE CLUB THAT WAS.

BY "PENDARVES"

You remember Kipling's story. How the sentries drag a man into the glittering mess, a man who once was one of them, and is no more. A man who has fallen upon evil days. I know several famous clubs like that. And so do you. Why? Does anyone know the answer? The Club Secretary in our minds who, on reading this, will feel the embarrassing red flush rising above his collar stud, will probably say that certain other base club secretaries have pinched all their best men, and that if only people would play the game, etc. But that won't do. The fact remains that when wholesale pinching of star performers is being carried on the club with the great reputation should come off best, not worst, as seems to be the case.

I sat in the stand of a famous club the other day and watched a *débâcle*. A monotonous affair, which appears to be repeated nearly every Saturday against them by all sorts of mushroom rivals. You know the kind of thing—four tries (three converted), one placed goal, and a couple dropped, by the visitors, against one scrambling try, down by the corner flag, for the home side; and then polite though weary cheers by the hosts as they stagger, a tattered remnant of past greatness, to the pavilion. This club is so old and famous that I believe they have, among their archives somewhere, records of Saturday afternoons when the enthusiasm ran so high that the shouting used to bring Drake from his bowls hard by, when he was one bias up and two to go on Frobisher, to see how the merry gentlemen were holding the enemy. Apparently it was quite a common thing for him to say:

"Hold ye hard for a spell of moments, Froby, my boy, the while I see how my doughty forwards are faring with these foreign varlets from the North."

And then he would steer a course a point to the south of west towards the touch line, and bite clean through the stem of his clay pipe in his excitement. Those were great days.

It is, therefore, distinctly annoying, with all these years of might and majesty behind them, to see the King of Clubs beaten fore and aft, and abeam, by the Old Bacchanalians, of whom one has seldom heard before and never wishes to see again. Incidentally, at lunch before going down to the ground, I threw away the chance of a lifetime of making a week's travelling expenses.

Knowing the present-day supineness of the club I said that the Bacchanalians would romp home. Whereupon a faithful follower, who cannot begin to visualise the possibility of the club being routed by upstarts, offered me 5 to 1 in anything I liked. His face was flooded with relief when I saw him after the match, because I had not taken him. There is another rather distressing element about watching The Club That Was. Unless you are in the Press Stand, where your *confrères*, rendered callous by their calling, don't care two hoots in Hunstanton who wins, so long as somebody does something spectacular and they can keep the boy busy on the Press telephone. But if you are not with the Princes of the Press, but in the stand with mere lay readers, your attention is pathetically diverted from the (alleged) players to the spectators. Among whom you see the old gentleman who has come with the same tartan rug wrapped round his knees, the same club scarf, and the same cherry-wood pipe (which now droops a bit owing to this cheap American crowning) every Saturday afternoon between October and April since 1887.

What does he think about it all? You never know. Because he has gone past the muttered advice of the man of forty to "go for his *legs*, man, don't *kiss* him!" and merely follows the tide of battle up and down the field with hooded, vulture-like eyes. It is true his mouth moves, spasmodically, inarticulately, when a member of the club makes a decent "mark" in his own 25, but no concrete speech comes. He is beyond that. Like me, he is filled with a great amazement at men who, bearing the famous colours upon their backs, take their passes standing still, or lob them up in the air—into the hands of Bacchus. Like me, he wonders what manner of man it is that allows the ball to go *through* the scrum five times running, instead of into it. You hear him say once, during the pause at half-time, looking sadly into space, "are there *no* hookers left in the country now—none?" But beyond that he is dumb—an old man, feeling the burden of his years, living only on memories.

And as the stands empty and the captains and the kings depart, we find ourselves, he and I, at the exit together.

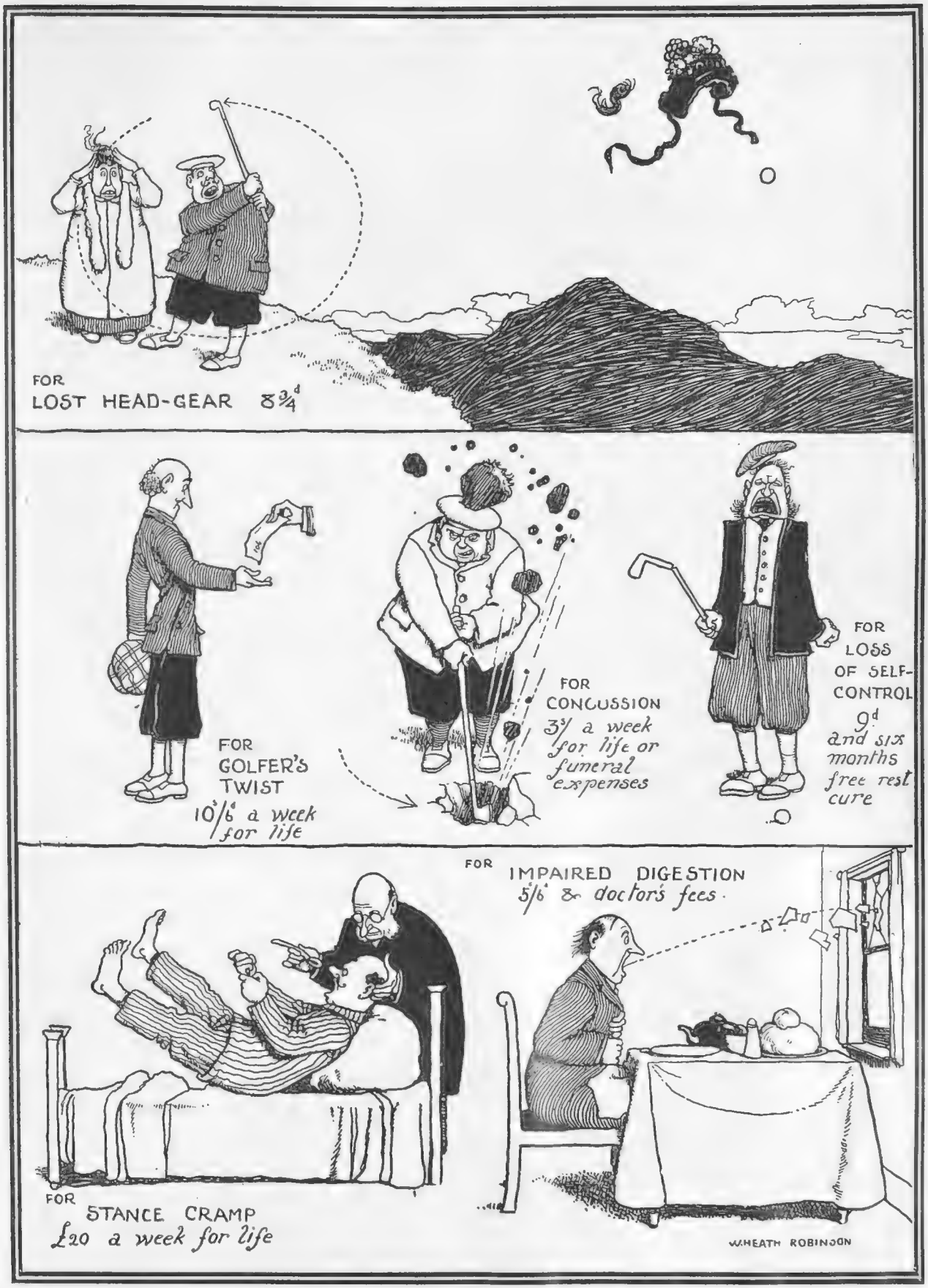
"A lot of noise," he grumbles, "about nothing."

"But does the club always play like this nowadays?" I ask, anxiously.

"*Play*, you call it?" There is a wealth of contempt in his voice. "They usually run about, like dogs at a fair, if that is what you mean. Now, I remember, in Murdoch's day, there was a match once, it began like this——"

But youth must be served, and I have got a train to catch; so I lose him in the crowd. No doubt he will relate the yarn to someone else. I hope so. He will feel better afterwards.

"Sign Now!"

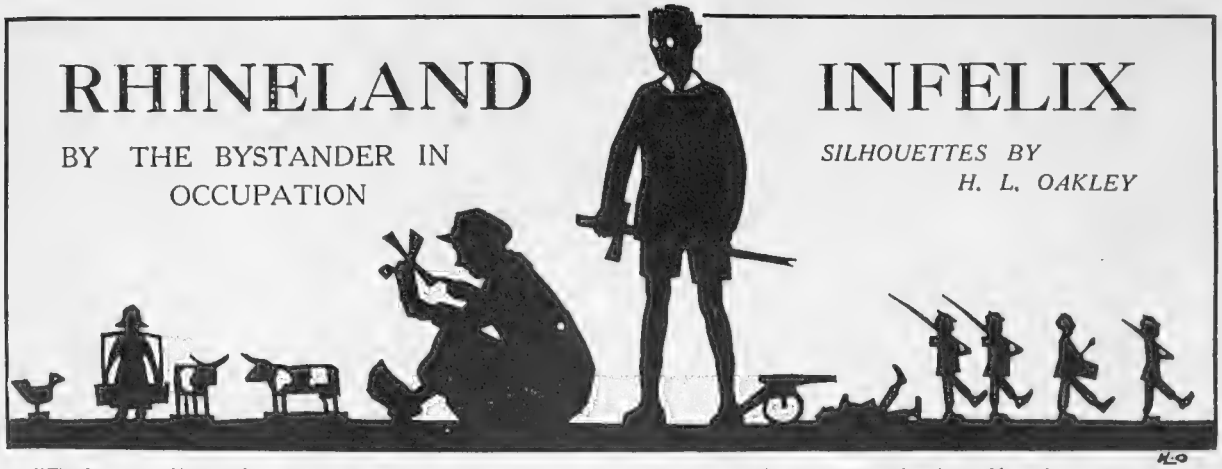


Risks and liabilities covered by W. Heath Robinson's new insurance scheme for golfers

RHINELAND INFELIX

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY



"The harmless, if voluminous, Hollander, whom he cannot forgive for having had the bad taste to prefer the making of money to war"

MANY and varied are the sorrows of the Rhinelander. In the first place, he is suffering from the uncommon complaint of too much money. Wishing, perhaps, to win a kindly smile from those financial experts who consider an overworked printing-press to be the sum total of Germany's woes, that body of men who make more money in a day than Stinnes in a year—the Reichsbank printers—recently struck work for a few weeks. Alas, the only result was to cause everybody to shout for more money. Still trying to do the right thing, the money-makers set to work again with a will, and deluged the Rhineland with "Bolshies," as, from the portrait of a hungry and disgruntled-looking gentleman which adorns them, the ten thousand mark notes are called. In their zeal, the printers disdained to produce notes of less value, as a result of which the too-wealthy Rhinelander goes from bank to shop and back to bank with his pocket full of wealth which will buy nothing—no one has change. But so obligingly are the shop-keepers raising prices to meet the difficulty, that one can almost credit the story of the Britisher who had his pocket picked of a ten thousand mark note recently. "It might have been worse," he optimistically remarked to a sympathiser. "They might have got my handkerchief."

IN addition to unspendable wealth, the Rhinelander suffers from a Press. Almost daily it reminds him how cheap—it does not add, how frequently nasty—various things are for the stranger within his gates, and how desirable it is that the latter should be made to pay anything from twice to twenty times the right price for them. To-day, the foreigner is denounced for meanness with tips "which cost him so little"; to-morrow, for lavishing gratuities "as though our money were dirt." A 100 per cent. is the recognised *minimum* overcharge to foreigners in shops, and wild Press agitations are conducted with the object of bouncing the authorities into overcharging 500 per cent. and more in State operas and on the railways.

IT is not only "Allies" who are denounced, by any means—no one rouses your *Out-Ausländer* scribe to greater fury than the harmless, if voluminous, Hollander, whom he cannot forgive for having had the bad taste to prefer the making of money to that of war. The latter is accused of being self-assertive, loud-voiced, and lacking in "German refinement," all of which the scribe aforesaid naturally finds incomprehensible. "Horny German fists," writes one of them, "have had to teach such people a lesson in (German) manners"—another writes of "self-help measures resorted to by Germans" who found a foreigner actually *sitting* in a railway carriage and leaving German late-comers to stand. For the sake of "Germany's reputation for hospitality," the authorities are urged to prevent such occurrences—by so plucking the foreigner that he will keep out of Germany altogether. Being, of course, the most popular folk in Europe, Germans can afford to treat with contempt the opinions the traveller may form of them, where a less beloved nation might find it politic to conciliate them.

"No one has change"

BUT it is all most disturbing for the Rhinelander, who annoys his Press by continuing to worry more over what shopkeepers screw out of him than what newspapers tell him ought to be screwed out of others. While *Tageblatts* and *Anzeigers* foam at the pen (with identical froth, supplied from the same "foreign-devil" pump to the whole Press), he continues to be infuriatingly tolerant of strangers whose vicious habits of paying market prices infuriate the scribes. He himself endeavours to pay the same—but when rapacious shop-keepers are encouraged to charge foreigners several times what they may charge him, goods are naturally scarce for those who speak German without a foreign accent. The Britisher, who sees what real straits the Rhinelander is in, and how much worse things are going to be for him during the winter, is inclined to sympathise pretty considerably with his upraised hands and murmurs of "*Lev' Lück et is do jet!*" which may best be translated as "Lordy, Lordy, what's a-cummin' to us!"

ERIC GORDON GEDYE

BY STAN TERRY

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN!"

THE LAUGHING LADY

AT THE GLOBE

MARIE LÖHR

BRIAN GILMOUR

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on 16th of November

EVERY time I am privileged to see Miss Marie Löhr on the stage she reminds me in many ways of Mrs. Kendal. That gifted actress, as we know, used occasionally to act in plays illustrating a regrettable moral lapse, but she did it with such unimpeachable respectability that the mid-Victorian conventions were more than satisfied. The Laughing Lady of the present play is Miss Marie Löhr herself. She is just a vivacious and seemingly frivolous divorcee. She comes straight from the Law Courts with their compromising decree to a very select dinner-party, and is the life of the function. But there is always a slight undercurrent of austerity in Miss Löhr's most frivolous moods, as if she wishes to remind us that she is really only doing this sort of thing because the art of the play requires it. Of course, it is not for me to say how far a Laughing Lady who has just been divorced ought to go, but Miss Löhr's mirth certainly does not reach beyond the most rigid of proprieties, and this gives a slight air of unreality to her acting. It is true that in a moment of aberration she once says "Damn!" but seeing that the curtain falls immediately on the disastrous outbreak, the incident may be charitably regarded as closed.

HENRIETTA WATSON AND HERBERT ROSS

THE truth is (if for the nonce one may fancifully associate truth with Divorce Court proceedings) that the Laughing Lady's husband neglected her a good deal, and left her more or less to the society of his very dull relations (not produced). We know of them only by hearsay, as there is obviously no room in such a sparkling play as this for merely dull people. In an unhappy moment she permits herself to be discovered in her boudoir with a vapid and entirely hateful young man (not produced), who, it is understood, is wearing at the moment only his pyjamas. Sort of thing that might have happened to anybody, don't you know; but hubby's relations would not rest till they had goaded him into divorce proceedings. He was out in India at the time climbing Himalayan heights for science's sake, and had only second-hand information upon which to proceed.

THE divorce is now an accomplished fact, chiefly owing to the ruthless cross-examination of Mr. Daniel Farr, K.C. Of course, I could make here the stereotyped allusion to a Daniel come to judgment, but it is one of the merits of THE BYSTANDER people that we never accentuate the obvious. It is not till after the Laughing Lady has accepted the invitation to dinner by telephone that she finds that Mr. Farr, K.C., is among the guests. One of the ladies remarks mockingly of Mr. Farr that he has been married for twenty years, and has probably never been unfaithful to his wife. The case is instanced as if it were quite exceptional, which may be a sign of the new times, or another dismal legacy of the War. It is Mr. Farr, K.C., who takes the Laughing Lady into dinner (not produced), and when the

men join the ladies afterwards we are given to understand that she flirted desperately with him all through the meal in the effort to heighten his respect for her powers of fascination. The flirtation is resumed in the drawing-room while the rest of the party are playing bridge in another room; and it seems pretty clear that Mr. Farr, K.C., is resolved to go back on his record of fidelity and to make up for lost time. He flirts with very creditable proficiency for a raw novice, and even gets permission to call on the Laughing Lady at her flat on the following afternoon. He assures her that he will tell his wife of the proposed visit, and—er—we will now pass on to the next business.

THE jest becomes earnest. Doubtless with the amiable wish to avoid giving unnecessary pain, Farr does not tell his wife of the proposed visit to the Laughing Lady's flat. He calls in due course and stays to tea. After which he declares plaintively that the Laughing Lady has completely turned his head, and that he is desperately in love with her. Love would hardly seem to have a place in a situation of this kind, but it is doubtless a polite euphemism well suited to this rather artificial play of well-controlled puppets. As Farr is leaving he loses a little more of his head, and gets a firm grip of the Laughing Lady's face, and kisses her with the expert thoroughness of a man who knows his job. Judging from the Laughing Lady's obvious enjoyment of the proceedings, it might be assumed that we are now on the brink of a guilty and rather sordid intrigue, but it is not likely that Mrs. Kendal—I beg pardon, Miss Marie Löhr—would allow such an impression to prevail for long. The kissing was merely the outcome of pardonably high spirits on both sides, and the subsequent proceedings are most correct in every way. The third act is chiefly occupied by a scene of great power, wonderfully acted by Miss Marie Löhr and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who is the Mrs. Farr of the piece. Mrs. Farr comes to the Laughing Lady almost prepared to surrender the husband of twenty years, sooner than let his career be wrecked by any whisper of divorce proceedings; and here the somewhat inert play is galvanised into very strenuous life by the extremely able acting of these two distinguished actresses.

DIVORCED ladies are naturally at a great disadvantage when they find themselves suddenly deprived, by a whim of the law, of their natural protector. The Laughing Lady is in this position for a time, and it is this fact that emboldens an unctuous profiteer, reputed to be worth millions, to call on her. He says he has come to her rescue in the shape of a fairy prince or something of that sort. He offers her a flat in Cavendish Square, a car with a chauffeur thrown in and a magical increase in her banking account of ten thousand pounds. The early history of our land is full of legends of gallant knights who rode to the aid of damsels in distress, though as to the sequel to the "rescue" tradition is discreetly silent. The Laughing Lady is so far above the possibility of anything like irregular behaviour, that she can afford to discuss the projected enormity in a bantering spirit, as if she really had some idea of entertaining the atrocious proposal. But it is clear from the start that she is merely concealing her horror at the idea. She is, I should judge, a lady who could touch pitch without incurring the proverbial consequences.

MR. GODFREY TEARLE is rather subdued as Farr, K.C., though he is always interesting. Miss Marie Löhr can hardly have had before a part that suits her so well. Her light-hearted gaiety is very well assumed, and very contagious, so that her acting, coupled with the smart dialogue, keeps the house agreeably amused all the time. Miss Vanbrugh gives a very beautiful picture of the self-denying wife; and Mr. Brian Gilmour is particularly well-suited with the part of a single-minded soldier-man who does not discover how adorable his wife is until he has seen her under cross-examination in the witness-box.

HE is the simple soldier-man, though I have never been able to understand why soldier-men should be represented as people of extreme simplicity. The few whom I have had the honour to meet have impressed me as being rather wary chaps. The Laughing Lady's husband calls on her at her flat, and cannot understand why she will not let him stay. It is true that she was divorced from him that morning, but he is no lawyer, and cannot be expected to understand the little intricacies of legal procedure. Besides, he has not seen her for quite a while, and has such a lot to tell her. The situation is quite amusing, especially when the husband finds on the premises Mr. Farr, K.C. Although Mr. Farr acted merely on the instructions in his brief, the husband now turns on him, and abuses him roundly for his remorseless cross-examination of the helpless respondent in the witness-box, which influenced the jury in their adverse verdict.

HE is a fine fellow, and his easy contempt for the law is not altogether untypical of the times in which we live, when much farcical legislation appears to have made law-breaking a part of the education of the modern citizen. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that such a husband and such a wife very soon arrange their differences and become again, as they always were, a model and extremely correct couple; while Mr. Farr, K.C., very properly repents of his momentary infatuation and resumes his place as a shining light of the bar, unspotted from the world. The characters of the play are not, I take it, such as would be met with every day, but they are highly amusing and instructive. JINGLE

BY BLAM

VIEUX JEU

MISS MABEL GREEN

A clever and beautiful person who is one of "The Smith Family" now in residence at the Empire, which, despite their name, has made an unusual success of this play

A NINE O'CLOCK AFFAIR

Beatrice Lillie, in combination with Mr. Marvellously Funny Morris Harvey, make "The Nine o'Clock Revue" at the Little Theatre a thing of joy and a show everybody should see

WAY DOWN EAST AT THE WINTER GARDEN

Miss Heather Thatcher as a Persian Princess, or, at least, disguised as one, in "The Cabaret Girl" which is still managing to pack the seats of the Winter Garden Theatre. The fair Heather has a habit of mispronouncing her words in this comedy of music, which is one of the funniest things to hear in London, and you will find the upholstering of the seats is quite comfortable to rock about in

BEAUTY FROM BEYOND—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ORCHESTRA

A FEW FOOTLIGHT GLEAMS

MISS MAUD CRESSALL AS LADY KNOWSLEY IN "GLAMOUR"

"Glamour" might also be called "The Story of a Sofa," for on it Sir George Knowsley, K.C.B., protests his affection for his secretary, Doris, and later his godson sits on the amorous piece of furniture and, instead of protesting, proposes

JACK BUCHANAN'S LEADING LADY

ss Phyllis Titmuss who has made her return to the London stage in Jack chanan's first managerial venture, "Bottling Butler." The music is by Phillip Brahms and the "book" equally good

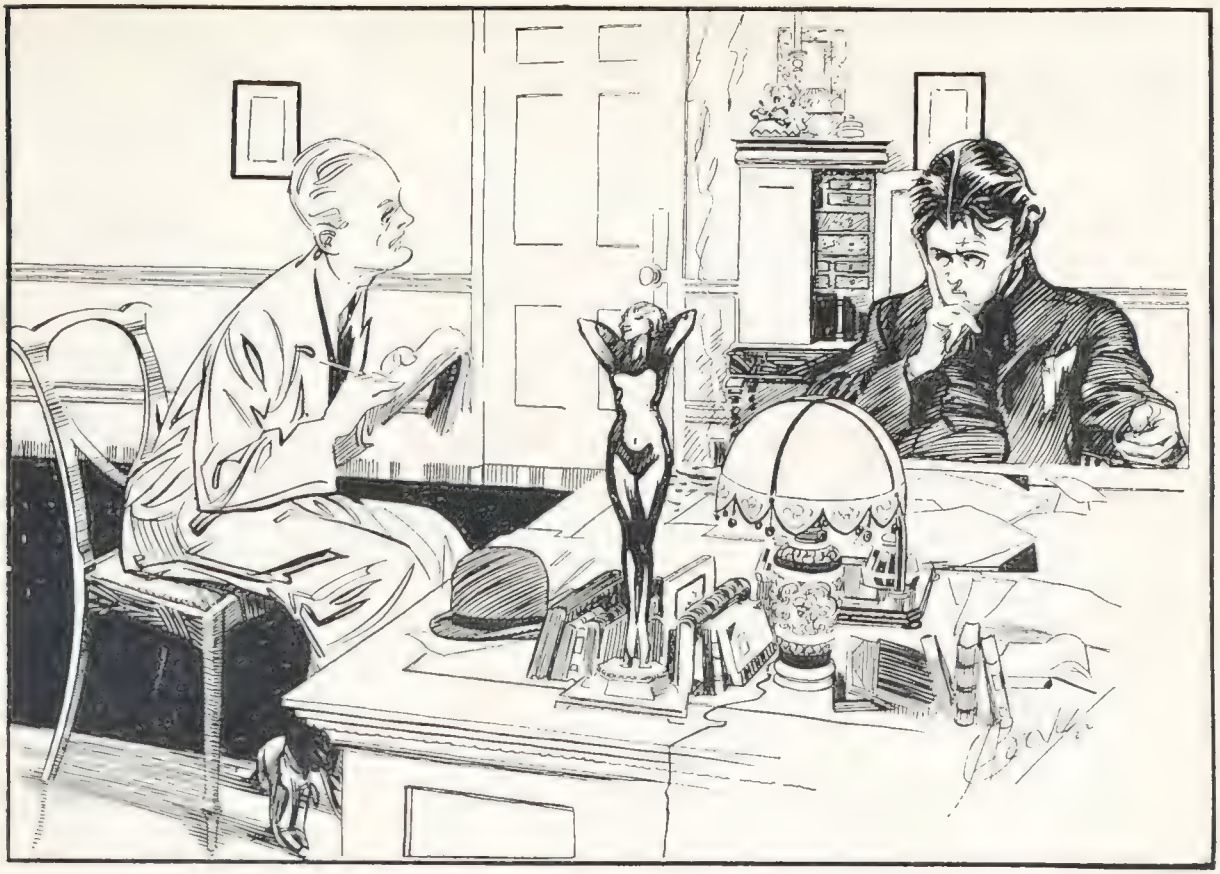
EN ROUTE FOR LONDON

Miss Iris Rowe, whom we saw at the Coliseum some time back, is leaving the Paris Apollo shortly, to repeat her successes here in special Oriental dances of which she makes an original feature. This photograph was not, of course, taken en route

Photographs by Maull and Fox, Foulsham and Banfield, Vandyk, and L.N.A.

BY LAURIE TAYLER

THE LAST STRAW!



FEATURES REFEATURED

By J. A. Beale

The Interviewer; "And where did you find the plot for your latest book?"
The Latest "Best Seller": "From the film version of my previous one!!!"

A Touching Story

By HOLLOWAY HORN

The scene of the first part of this sad little story was the verandah of a palatial hotel on the south coast. The sea a mirror of azure steel, stretched away to the dim horizon. It is a habit of the sea, as perhaps you've noticed.

The breakfast hour was over. Two gentlemen were sitting a little apart from the main body of guests. One of them was in the neighbourhood of forty-five; the other was ten years his junior. Each was sitting behind a copy of his morning paper.

The elder gentleman was wearing patent leather shoes which scintillated in the morning sunlight. The few diamonds a gentleman permits about his person, glittered enthusiastically. His "massive Gent's Albert" was equally reflective. So, too, was his mood, for he had breakfasted heartily.

He looked like money, unlimited and recently acquired money. In modern life this very often means unlimited sang-froid, which, under certain conditions, is French for cheek. The cheek of Peter Gorme was even more highly powered than his car.

The position was rather interesting. Mr. Gorme desired to know, but did not know, the gentleman at his side. The gentleman at his side, judging from his attitude, neither knew nor desired to know, Mr. Peter Gorme. It would have been an intriguing position if the word were still used.

Peter's impudence was not only highly-powered but, as a motorist would expect, self-starting. He wanted something; therefore he set about getting it. It was one of the few, simple rules to which he attributed his success in life.

He rustled his newspaper, adjusted his gold and tortoise-shell glasses, cleared his throat, and said:

"I see the Lindenhursts have gone to Scotland. Rather sorry I missed them. Lovely morning, isn't it?"

The gentleman whom he addressed looked at him.

"Yes," he said. Just like that. His glance returned to a playful little leader, in the *Morning Post's* best style, on Mr. de Valera.

"I was a bit upset over it," continued Peter imperturbably. "They went the day before yesterday. I got here yesterday. Unfortunate that I should miss my old friends like that."

'They knew you were coming perhaps?" the stranger asked with disarming innocence.

But Peter missed the joke. "No," he said, seriously. "They didn't know. Very old friends of mine."

"You saw the announcement here, I suppose?" the stranger asked, tapping his newspaper, and watching Peter Gorme carefully.

"That's so. . . ."

"You know Lord Lindenhurst well?"

Peter Gorme hesitated, but only

for a second. The other's mouth twitched; it was almost a smile.

"Quite," said Peter, enthusiastically. "Known him for years."

"And Lady Lindenhurst?"

Now this was more than Peter Gorme had expected. He had merely mentioned Lord Lindenhurst's name to impress this aristocratic-looking individual. He has never met the nobleman in question, nor was he likely to meet him. Just a bit of what Peter would call "swank."

"Well . . . not so well," he temporised.

"But I thought they were inseparable?" the other persisted.

"In a manner of speaking, they are. And in a manner of speaking, they aren't." Peter was getting almost nervous. Not quite, but almost.

"Oh! it's like that, is it?" The other asked with a smile.

Peter was relieved. He rose like a trout.

"As a matter of fac'," he said, "between you and me, she's a bit of a handful."

"It must be very thrilling to move in such exclusive circles as the Lindenhurst's!"

Peter Gorme was flattered. It was turning out much better than it had promised.

"Well," he said, modestly, "there's not many places where money won't get you to, nowadays."

"That is so, Mr. . . . I haven't the pleasure of your name?"

"Gorme, Peter Gorme."

"Thank you. One of the Leicestershire Gormes?"

"Yes," said Peter, vaguely. "A connection, as you might say, Mr. . . .?"

"Lindenhurst, Mr. Gorme, Lord Lindenhurst."

Peter Gorme—to use his own phraseology—felt all over alike.

It was beyond him. Even *his* nerve could not carry it off.

"Sorry!" he murmured with grotesque inadequacy. "My error. . ."

He always cut his losses; another of those simple little rules. He gathered his paper and rose. The man to whom he had spoken watched him with twinkling eyes.

"You were most unfortunate in your choice of a confident, Mr. Gorme," he said, with a smile. "But I think you should apologise to me. It's merely a matter of taste, of course. . . ."

"Dammit! I said I was sorry! A chap can't do more than that when he's made a bloomer . . . my Lord," he added, weakly, appalled that he had actually sworn at a nobleman.

"But what about Lady Lindenhurst . . .?" the other continued, with that gentle smile of his.

"I'm sorry about that, too," said the miserable Peter.

"Ah! but there you need not be sorry! She *is* rather a . . . handful, I think, was your word. In my experience, Mr. Gorme, most ladies are. I say, sit down again. I shall be distressed if you allow your little error to upset you."

"You're very kind," murmured Peter, relapsing into his chair and wiping his brow. "But I always did say that an Aristocrat can't be made. A *real* one, I mean. Now, if I had been in your place, my lord, I should have had several things to say. No, you can't make an aristocrat! You've got to *be* one!"

"There's a great deal in what you say, Mr. Gorme, doubtless. But I think the *Morning Post* is as much to blame as you. It has the date wrong. It's *next* Monday we go North. . . ."

. . . . . .

The second part of the tragedy happened the next morning.

Peter Gorme and his expansive lady were breakfasting. Their table was in the middle of the big window overlooking the sea which stretched like a mirror of azure . . . just as it did in the previous scene.

Peter beckoned to the waiter. Or, rather, he jerked his head at him.

"Lord Lindenhurst is not down yet?" he asked in a voice which no one at the adjacent tables could fail to hear.

"Lord Lindenhurst, sir?" an amazed waiter asked. "He left for Scotland last Monday."

"No . . . no! The gentleman I was talking to yesterday evening in the lounge."

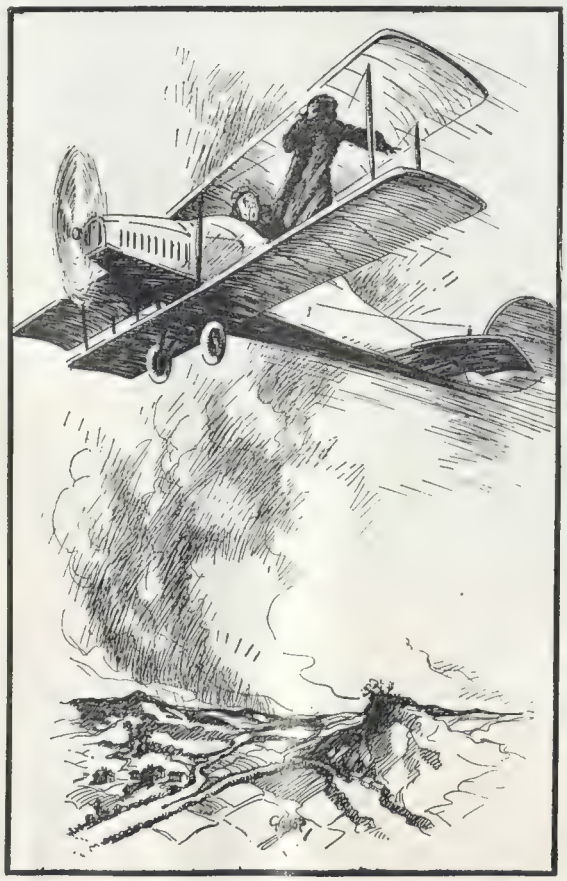
"Gent name of Fellows, sir. *He* left last night."

The truth broke on Peter with a thud. The previous afternoon he had agreed to become a Vice-Chairman of the Hospital of which Lord Lindenhurst (forsooth!) was chairman. His "lordship" had mentioned casually that the usual subscription for a Vice-Chairman was a hundred guineas. Peter, delighted beyond words, had pressed a cheque for *two* hundred on him.

He had been *touched* . . . completely, unutterably diddled.

There was a delay in getting through to his bank but it was too late in any case. The aristocratic young gentleman had been there as soon as the bank opened and the cheque had been cashed.

A sad, "touching" story!



A CUT-OUT By Glossop

Edwina (after elopement tiff): "Leave me, John—I wish to be alone!"

ON WITH THE DANCE

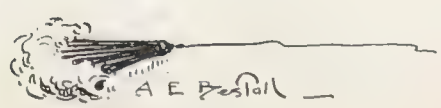
BY E. L. ROBERTS

[It is thought that the "Camel Trot" will become popular during the winter]

LOOK not askance,
My Chloe, on
The latest dance,
But quickly don
Your very cutest frock,
And let us run amok.

Though rates, and rent,
And income-tax
(NOT increment!)
May daily wax,
We'll wag with hearts aglow
The light fantastic toe.

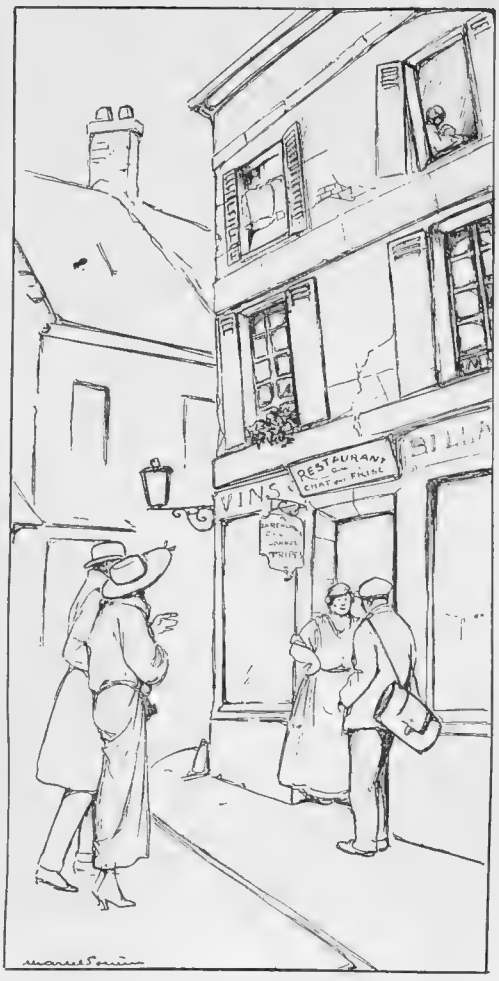
We will not trip
Sedate gavottes,
But let it rip
In "Camel Trots" . . . .
(Thanks to the current slump
At least we have a "hump!")



SKETCHES BY A. E. BESTALL

In Quest of an Ideal

By "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*



"The back street 'bistro'"

MES AMIS—

UNLESS I have totally misjudged you, you have always had an interest in M. Sisyphus, is it not? Unless it were so, I would hesitate to persist with the matter. But I feel sure I have read your tastes aright. Anyhow, I have always had an acute feeling of sympathy for that dear old never-say-die fellow, and thought it would be a delicious sensation to experience the sentiments, whatever they may be, derived from to push that old rock up and up, and still up again just as many times as it has rolled down. Such was the depth of my affection for M. Sisyphus.

THEN, suddenly, I realised that I, and thousands of other innocent Parisians, had given a perfect imitation of the revered M. Sisyphus for quite the long time. And the revelation brought not any joy. Unbelievably strange is it not that one can do these things almost all the life without the realisation of their import? Just as one receives the terrific shock at the things which afford the interest to friends when they come for the first time to Paris. Unconsciously one acquires the habit to think they know these things as well as you do, and their surprise is equalled only by your bewilderment at it. *Par exemple*, when Norman and Peggy eat their first *petit suisse*. My joy is ever as new as that which they experience themselves.

WELL, then, in order to share as quickly as possible this revelation, the concern is with the endless pursuit for the Ideal restaurant, that is to say the restaurant which is good *and* cheap. Precisely is it the modern equivalent of the task of Sisyphus, for it is an occupation which has not the end. And at the moment it is a matter of the *actualité brulante*, because not ever has the phenomenon been so pronounced as at the present, on account of the reversal in the fortunes of the different sections of the community. The procedure is like this.

A RESTAURANT which is good and cheap is discovered. This is a fact, just as hard as the rock. The such restaurants do exist. The problem is to keep abreast with them. They are discovered in the various ways. By accident someone is compelled to take a meal in an out-of-the-way quarter. In the back street where he has been isolated, he has to adventure into a mean and shabby little "*bistro*." To his delight does he find that the meal which is served is, in the excellence of the cooking, the rival of those which are provided at the *restaurant de luxe*. Or it may be that a well-known painter or author, who has the additional reputation to have an unfaltering taste in the grave affair of to dine well, has been sighted there by the *hasard*.

WHATEVER the cause, the outcome is the same. The discoverer confides the good news to his real friends. And they swear by all the gods that the knowledge shall be kept to themselves alone. Yet there is always the leakage of the secret. Just as at the Peace Conferences where there is the announcement that not a single word of information shall be made known. Always is it that from these come the most amount of news.

EH BIEN, not any sooner than the vow of the stony silence is sworn than the place is boomed. Within a week or two there is almost the impossibility to secure a table. Though that table may have a marble top and no cloth, the such lack of accessories is not

Continued on page 696

"May have a marble top and no cloth"

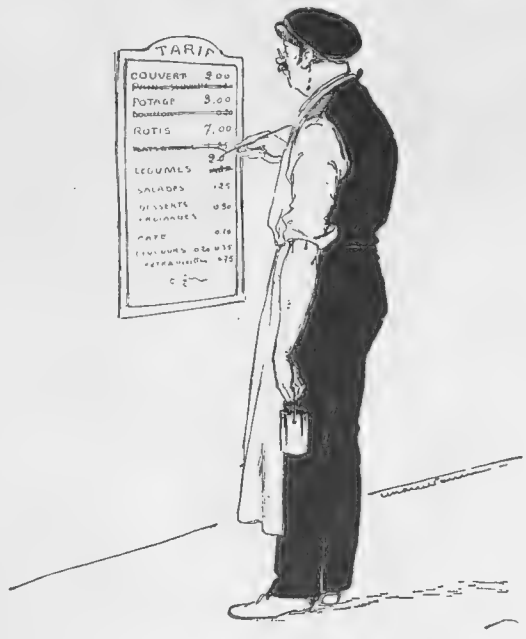
THE Parisienne's Plumage is gayer than ever, and as charmingly as ever is it used to captivate and entrance the more sombre-hued male. For he, too, has his uses—to admire much and to give silent contrast to her brilliancy, and to admire still more, not *too* silently. And then to pay—much more!

BY ELSA COURLANDER

A SUGGESTION

Paris dress shows are getting more and more elaborate, but justice will only be done to the dresses when they are shown complete with male background

"IN QUEST OF AN IDEAL" (*concluded*)



"Increasing the prices"

the hindrance for the new *clientèle*, much of which may belong to the comfortable classes. So vociferously have the praises been sung of the *gigot bretonne*, or some equally savoury regional dish, that people whose names are inscribed in the *Bottin Mondain* will stand in the uncomfortable queue, so long as they are ultimately assured to partake of the perfectly cooked and seasoned *plats*.

IN the *salons* which may be described as the most *comme il faut* one has heard stories of dinners in the such remote regions as the Boulevard du Port Royal. The speaker does betray a personal pride to produce a menu card and to announce that she has obtained an irreproachable meal for the trivial sum of twelve francs, with tip. All would be perfect, and the problem of the dear life would be solved, if it were not for the curse of M. Sisyphus which does perpetually cause the rock to slip. Here it is the inextinguishable cupidity of the human factor which does provoke the crash.

CAUGHT unawares, the host, who is usually a typical *bonhomme* from the provinces, and who has served the excellent quality meals at the small profit, because that is the way in the *petite ville* which he has left for Paris, is at the first overwhelmed by the surprise wave of the unexpected popularity. However, with the inborn business acumen of the peasant, he does appreciate that he must not allow to be turned aside, for want of preparation, the current of success which so strongly flows in his direction. The tide of fortune has come early, but he must not be found unready. So he engages more of the hands, and earnestly he strives to cope with the rush. Again, there is the general satisfaction. Discomfort for the eager client is ended.

THEN, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, the inexperienced countryman makes the fatal mistake, the mistake which has proved the downfall of his predecessors. Wrongly he estimates the exact reason of his popularity. For some cause which must ever remain a mystery he imagines that it is personal and that it will endure. Entirely does he overlook the fact that it is due to his furnishing of something which is good *and* cheap. Under his delusion, he makes the increase to the prices.

"Will readily form a queue, so long as . . ."

THAT, in itself, could fail to be calamitous. But, invariably, though nobody has satisfactorily explained the connection, the service deteriorates simultaneously with the increase, while the *cuisine* falls away from the high standard which has made the name of the *maison*. The little day of success draws swiftly to the close. At the end of a *semestre* famous people who have willingly submitted to inconveniences at the bare tables of M. Durand go to repeat the experiment beneath the sign of M. Dupont's latest discovery.

NOT in the least difficult would it be to name the scores of obscure little restaurants which in the past few months have had the such boom periods, and then have been abandoned because that the *patron* has killed the goose with the eggs of gold. Like the *restaurants de luxe* they have been abandoned to the type which has the view that a mutton chop, a salad and a dessert are cheap for 150 francs, if it is that they are served on silver.

BUT one hope is left to us in this round of Sisyphus—that the good (though dear) old restaurants of the *Centre*, neglected by the former supporters, may in turn become the good *and* cheap "discoveries" like those which at the present monopolise the attention of the *gourmets*, and may bring us back from the outer boulevards when the unwise provincials there shall become too exigeant. ROLAND

Winter Sports B.C.

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

MÜRREN'S FIRST FUNICULAR
(According to local data)

Carry On!

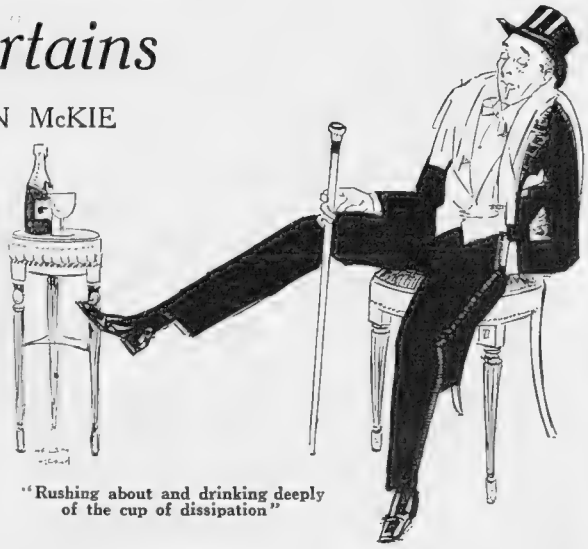
BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"Charles, dear, I don't want the people in the hotel to know we're newly married. What can we do?"

"That's easy, you carry these bundles, and I'll come in with my hands in my pockets"

Let's Draw the Curtains

By Blanchette. Illustrated by HELEN McKIE



"Rushing about and drinking deeply of the cup of dissipation"

LONDON, *December* 4

DEAR COUSIN—

THERE'S a sort of Christmas-is-coming sensation around just now, and I don't know why but I feel simply fearfully 'cited about it. Not all Christmas really, 'cos, of course, we're much too old for that, aren't we? But all the atmosphere of it—parties and presents, and dressing for dinners and dances, and theatres—and drawing the curtains, and shutting out the horrid, cold, old real world outside, and all that kind of thing, what?

'Cos that is after all rather what we do do these bleak, stark, grey December days, don't we—those of us who can—pulling down the blinds against the real world, I mean. Nature being dead, or sleeping so sound that it seems as if it were. . . . All the real colours gone out of things, and the sky at its best but a washed out blue, and the sun all watery, and such leaves as remain a mere wooden, lifeless green. . . .

AND in Town, even, where we can merely guess at these things, a killing chilling nip on everything, that drives even the most burning devotee of the strenuous life indoors. Safest place to be, too, anyway, methinks, what with nice little things like smallpox and "flu" raging abroad and everybody telling you every minute of the fearful dangers of ever going about in crowds of your fellow men and women in buses and Tubes, and things, if you haven't been filled full right up to the chin with anti-everything germs, that is.

SO, as all the life seems to have gone out of the poor old world just for the moment, anyway, got to make a world of our own just to go on with, haven't we? A kind of make-believe world, p'raps it is. But after all can't ever exactly quite lead the *natural* life these days, can we—or even anything that comes at all frightfully near a moderately reasonable imitation of it? Else, I s'pose, we should be going about all these December days with nothing much to wear but woad, and sleeping every one of these December nights under the clear stars without so much as a rug to cover us. B-r-r-r-r-r. . . .

IT'S *rather* a nice snug little world, too, this one right far away from all the cold bitter realities—and yet not too fearfully far, either. Only separated from it really by a sheet or so of glass, some walls and p'raps an imagination. But not too much of this last, please, or you *might* 'gin to feel just a bit uncomfortable, thinking of all that lies outside as well as in. . . .

"Dangers of going about in crowds, buses and tubes"

Let's draw the curtains quick and gather round the ingle-nook, as they say, and have a really lovely wintertime.

POSITIVE *embarras de richesse* in ways of doing it—even without rushing about and drinking deeply of the cup of daily and nightly dissipation, I mean. There's such lots of lovely indoor things to do, that you can't ever *properly* attend to in summer. When, even if it isn't fit weather for a sparrow to be out of doors, you somehow always feel you ought to be, and can't solidly and determinedly settle down to, f'rinstance, reading all the latest books. Just have to snatch at 'em at odd moments, 'tween parties, in bed, and so on, and always with the feeling that there's real things going on outside that you ought to be in the middle of instead.

WHEREAS, when it's a nice black, bleak, hopeless sort of December day, you can cheerfully and with a clear conscience pull the curtains, after the tea or lunch guests have gone, and start in whole-heartedly at, say, W. L. George's *The Stiff Lip*, with all its quite amusing sex-philosophy. Like "no woman's face lasts a man more than a year or two—you may catch a man with your face but

it's with something else you hold him." And "men are babies, all of them, babies of genius sometimes, but babies to the very end." Etc. Not to mention all sorts of intriguingly detailed descriptions of lovely undies, such as—but, hush!

OR Christine Jope-Slade's nice light, fluffy, *The Cuckoo's Nest*—also with *its* bits of little epigrams on the great and eternal and inexhaustible subject . . . from the feminine point of view. Such as, *par exemple*, that "if you marry before thirty you're never quite loyal to your husband—up till then you've always a close woman friend." *Very* feminine, what? And horrid. And, I s'pose, true—sometimes. Though glad to say I don't know any of that kind meself.

MUST say *I* b'lieve in, when you're married, making an abs'lute close corporation of it, so to speak. Sort of kind of offensive-defensive alliance, as the politicians and people put it. Husbands don't even discuss their wives, at least not any that you and I ever meet, do they? And rather die, I would, than discuss *mine* with anyone if I had one—husband, I mean—even if he tried the horsewhipping touch, like in the Ethel M. Dell plays. But then I s'pose it's only the type that loves talking about it that ever *gets* horse-whipped, what? And not sure, 'tween you and me (said she, brutally), they don't prob'ly deserve it!

LONDON seems fuller than ever of shows to go to *and* people to go to them with. Am still frantically busy myself over my frock for Thursday's Three Arts Ball at Covent Garden, where you know we're all to be something out of a fairy tale or pantomime or something. And all sorts of famous artists are wearing their grey matter positively to shreds over the dresses that Gladys Cooper and Joe Coyne and Sir George Frampton and other experts are going to judge. There's to be prizes for quite nice cheap "creations," too, that cost not more than the humble half-Fisher or mere paltry ten-bob.

AND (if I survive) am going very next night, by way of contrast, to 'nother dance under the staid and respectable wing of the Law—in the Law Society's hall in Chancery Lane. Historic building, where, I b'lieve, they've only once had such a frivolous affair before in the last forty years—shockin' waste, 'cos I hear it's perfectly d'lightful floor. And the Lord Chancellor and all sorts of judges and people ('cluding, it's whispered, dear Justice Darling himself) are going to be there, too. *Do* hope they won't sentence me to anything—like going without supper, f'rinstance. Though from what *I* know of judges . . . no, *don't* think it'll be *that* anyway.

"Famous artists are wearing their grey matter to bits over costumes"

AND it's the 'Varsity Rugger match next week, and (talking about scrums) we're pushing *hard* for votes for women under thirty, and there's to be a deputation to the P.M. about it in a day or two, I b'lieve. Sincerely trust (for his sake) he won't try and put us off with Lady Astor or some one to represent him, or there'll be . . . well, *would* be a cowardly and provoking kind of thing for a great big full-grown Prime Minister to go and do, wouldn't it, what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

NEXT WEEK! Do you remember "Potash and Perlmutter," the funniest play in London?

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER," by MONTAGUE GLASS

Are going to make you laugh week by week in THE BYSTANDER.

Covent Garden Goes Gay

(FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY—BY REQUEST)

MRS. CLAUDE LOVAT FRASER

In a striking costume—one of the first creations from the new workshops of Mr. Norman Wilkinson and herself

MISS MOLLY RAMSDEN

As charming in the ancient role of Egypt's Queen as she is as modern Lady Lily de Jigger in "The Cabaret Girl"

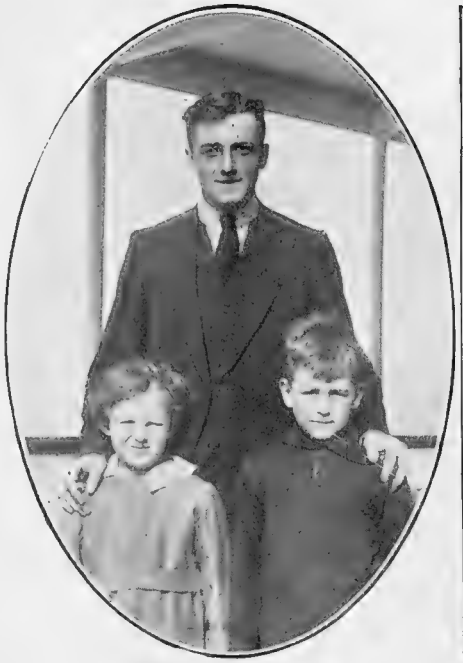
MISS MARY MACKIE

MISS IVY TRESMAND

MISS CICELY DEBENHAM

The Three Arts Ball has become, like the great Chelsea Arts Revel, somewhat of a National Institution, where the sandman and the sweep may face the flashlight photographer without fear of Trade Union intervention. This year's Three Arts Revel, as usual at Covent Garden Opera House, is timed for to-morrow (Thursday) the 7th, when all the above beautiful people can be seen and admired—for the price of a ticket

Photographs Vaughan and Freeman and Maull and Fox



Photograph *P. G. H. Fender*

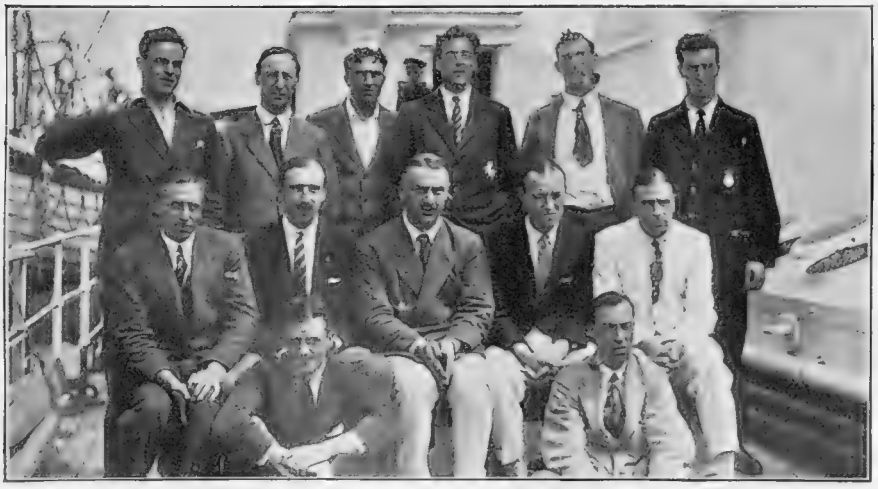
EN VOYAGE

Macaulay, with two of the most ardent M.C.C. supporters (Woolley's two children), photographed on their way out to South Africa

Photograph

AN HISTORIC OCCASION: THE CHRISTENING OF

It was appropriate that the Old Merchant Taylors should open their new "Rugger" ground at Teddington with ended in a draw. The O.M.T.'s are seen above in white and the Park in stripes. Front Row (left to r ht): J. L. Williamson, G. R. F. Bryant, A. R. Trubshaw, G. Sanders, P. E. R. Baker-Jones, R F. Tebbutt, F. Win.our; A. W. Shenton, W. E rles.



Photograph *P. G. H. Fender*

THE M.C.C. ON THE HIGH SEAS

On their way to South Africa where they have since played cricket with no small amount of success. Top Row (left to right): G. T. S. Stevens, Mead, Russell, Woolley, Brown, Livesey. Seated: Messrs. A. E. R. Gilligan, P. G. H. Fender, F. T. Mann, A. W. Carr, V. C. W. Jupp. Below: Macaulay, Sandham

SPORT of

As Seen y

Photograph *L.N.A.*

"PEMMER" AGAIN

W. A. Winter-Irvine, of Pembroke, keeps the flag of his college flying with a long jump of 20 ft. 2 in. in the Cambridge Inter-collegiate Sports

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE 'REPULSE" TOUCH

The gig crew of H.M.S. "Repulse," winners of the Seamen Gig Race at the regatta held annually by the Squadron on the Station at Gibraltar. Even in these c ascendancy of the mechanically-propelled vehicle, both ashore and afloat, the importance of o till recognised in H.M. Navy

H. v. Clow

THE OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS' NEW GROUND

their match against Rosslyn Park, with whom they were formerly joint tenants of the Old Deer Park Enclosure at Richmond. The match—also not inappropriately—
J. A. Davies, A. H. Wright, A. T. Sketchley, L. Hall, D. O'N. Hudson, T. Bullock, G. H. M. Earle, P. Liesching (Captain, R.P.), R. Cove-Smith (Captain, O.M.T.),
F. H. Collier. Back Row: J. R. Gammell, J. V. Radford, W. M. McGregor, K. P. Letts, V. B. Jones, T. S. Hamilton, W. H. Devonshire, J. N. Williamson, M. C. Steedman,
W. J. Greeseman, G. E. King Turner

the WEEK
the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

A "DOWN AND OUT" WINNER

P. R. Wace collapses on the tape after running finely for his college, Brasenose, in the four-mile relay race at the Oxford University Inter-collegiate relay races

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY LADIES' LACROSSE TEAM

Photographed on the occasion of their recent encounter at Oxford with the ladies of Middlesex

Photograph *Sport and General*

ST. PAUL'S DID SOME VALIANT TACKLING

In their match with Bedford School ... We ... Kensington last Wednesday, but, with six of their regular players out of the team, could ... rather a heavy defeat by 26 points to 3. Bedford have a very good side this year; they ha... Dulwich and only just lost (with a man injured) to Haileybury

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Gimcrack

At the Gimcrack Club dinner last week there were no pyrotechnics, such as Lord Durham used to supply. Lord Woolavington made a plain, straightforward commonsense speech, such as one would expect from a practical man of affairs. He let us know that Town Guard, if all goes well, will be ridden in the Derby by Archibald. This is interesting as showing that the retainer which this owner has given to Donoghue does not apply to those of his horses which are trained at Clarehaven.

At Newbury

At Newbury last week you could not have wanted a finer finish for a steeplechase than that which ensued in the Novices' 'Chase, in which the three leading horses were almost in line as they reached the judge's box. White Ronald's success was a tribute to the excellent schooling of George Poole, who was under no misapprehension as to the horse's likelihood of success in this company. But when I take 6 to 4 in a two-mile steeplechase I like to see my horse win a bit more comfortably than White Ronald did. I think Mr. Bower Ismay has got hold of an excellent recruit to National Hunt racing in King Solitude, a fine, powerful young horse, who might train on into a Grand National horse one of these days.

A Smart Novice

I have heard it said that Tom Coulthwaite has a better young jumper at Hednesford than Groomsport. I flatly decline to believe it until I have conclusive evidence of it on the racecourse. For it is clear that Groomsport is something much out of the ordinary. That spurt he made in the straight on the second day at Newbury completely changed the aspect of the race between two flights of hurdles, and could only have been accomplished by a jumper of genuine class. Mind you, I do not think he has had a great deal to do in his races so far, but he could do nothing more than win them all in apparently effortless fashion. I am rather disappointed with the general quality of the young hurdle racers we have seen up to the present. I hope some better-class animals will be put to jumping as the winter season develops. I dare say some of the young horses which are changing hands at the big December sales this week will be sent to strengthen the ranks of hurdle performers.

Photograph PRINCE HENRY IN THE HUNTING FIELD [*L. N. A.*

Prince Henry with the York and Ainsty Hunt at Kirk Hammerton Hall, where he was the guest of Lieut.-Col. E. W. Stanyforth. From left to right (standing): Lieut.-Col. Stanyforth, Capt. Harry W. Whitworth, M.F.H., Miss Barnardiston, Capt. Ronald Stanyforth. (Seated): Prince Henry, Mrs. Stanyforth

Week-End Meetings

The week-end meetings at Sandown Park and Haydock Park both have their share of attractions. Given reasonable weather there is no fear of the success of Sandown, where the jumping seems to be just as attractive to the public as its flat-racing is. In the Annual Hurdle Handicap **Forest Fire** has not got quite such a severe task as he had at Newbury, and this time he may win. On the following day I expect to see **Keep Cool** secure the Sandown Steeplechase. At Haydock Park "Jock" Fergusson has a strong hand in the Garswood Hurdle Race, and I think he will saddle the winner. For the chief steeplechase on the second day of the meeting **Silent Sands** is my selection.

By "The Tout"

MAJOR "TOM" CAVENDISH

A cross-country enthusiast who is in the first flight among our gentlemen riders to-day

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATES

Mediocre November

Sport continues to be of rather a humdrum character, for which, of course, the remarkable poverty of scent is to be blamed. November passed without a really great run in the Shires, but there is plenty of time for hounds to prove that they can run as hard as ever when the conditions are reasonably favourable. Everybody is talking of the nasty batch of accidents which have occurred this season. The melancholy thing is that several have had fatal results.

Thatcher's Bad Luck

Among those who have been laid aside by minor mishaps is Arthur Thatcher, the redoubtable huntsman of the Fernie. When we have sons old enough to follow the same profession as ourselves we can no longer accept hard knocks with the equanimity that we did when youth's hot blood coursed through our veins. Thus I am afraid that Thatcher will be badly shaken by the crushing fall he sustained. It is bad luck for him to be laid aside so early in the season, but Arthur is as hard as nails, and, no doubt, will soon be in harness again. To see him taking on the fences as flippantly as ever, it is difficult to realise that Thatcher is now in the veteran stage. Yet many

Photograph *P. & A.*

LADY DIANA SOMERSET

ounger daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, a recent meet of her father's pack, which her brother, the Marquis of Worcester, is huntsman

Photograph *Topical*

THE OLD MASTER AND THE NEW

A group at Poundon Hall, the house of Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, the retiring Master of the Bicester. Mr. and Mrs. Heywood-Lonsdale, who were presented with full-length portraits of themselves in oils, are seen with Lord Chesham, the new Master

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

A KEEN YOUNG FOLLOWER TO HOUNDS

Miss Margaret Mercer Naine, daughter of Lady Violet Astor at the meet of the Surrey Old and Burstow Hounds

ioons have passed since he first ime to High Leicestershire as .e smart whipper-in to the unds which he now hunts so rilliantly. As luck would have his latest mishap was not used by any yawning obstacle. His horse fell dead with him i the flat, and Thatcher now as reason to know that that rt of fall is often the worst of ll. C. Johnson has been filling he gap well during the hunts-ian's absence from the saddle, nd is marked out for early pro-notion in his profession.

An Impending Change

THE first notification of an impending change of leader-hip comes from the Pytchley country, where, according to present arrangements, Major Harold Cayzer will retire from the joint command at the end of the season. It is hoped that Sir Charles Lowther will be able to go on with the sole Mastership, which he had just taken over when the War broke out to bring confusion upon all hunting arrangements. A fashionable country like the Pytchley commands a big subscription, but the expenses of the Masters are proportionately heavier in an establishment which must be maintained on immaculate lines. The retiring M.F.H. of the Pytchley is a brother of Major Herbert Cayzer, who has just surrendered his safe seat in Portsmouth to permit of Colonel Leslie Wilson's speedy return to the House. He, too, is on the list of Masters, having this year accepted the control of the Garth Hounds in conjunction with Captain H. S. Chinnock. The Pytchley have been dogged by wretched scent so far, but they showed what can be done under very unpromising conditions when they gave their followers a good long hunting run in the Crick country one day last week.

A Good Point

A POINT of nine miles in seventy-five minutes is by no means bad going, especially when compared with the mediocre performances of the majority of packs since the start of the regular season. This good run fell to the Newmarket and Thurlow last week, and it is not surprising to find it chronicled as the "best hunt so far this season." Some of the Newmarket trainers mightily enjoy their sport with the local pack.

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

AT THE MEET AT FOUR ELMS, EDENBRIDGE

Lady Violet Astor, wife of Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, moving off to cover with the Surrey Old and Burstow

IS THERE MONEY IN IT?

INTELLECT AND INCOMES IN DOGS.

By "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

DAY after to-morrow, Friday, the 8th, brings the Sleeve Dog Association's Show at Prince's Hotel, Jermyn Street—luxuriously timed to last only from after late brekker (11.30) till the witching hour of tea and toast; a very smart Show, and quite a field day for lovers of the smaller types of Pekingese—right into the hands of a good many regular BYSTANDER readers.

Talking of diminutives, while I've long recognised the high average of *intelligence*—sometimes almost uncanny—ruling among little Dogs, I have not, until the other day, seen them described as "intellectual." Does the adjective really fit, say, a silver-blue-tan Yorkshire? I've met one or two human intellectuals with no end of letters after their names, whose long suits certainly weren't intelligence; and we've all known unmistakably intelligent folk who weren't a bit intellectual. True, I've known some real philosophers among Dogs, and Woodrow Wilson himself couldn't look more Socratic than my best-beloved Bloodhound. But the "intellectual" Yorkshire Terrier ——. Well, anyhow, a lady in Kent advertised one for sale, who's also said to be vivacious and charming and "over distemper"—popular fallacy, that, as though you were to talk of humans being "over" coughs or colds; and one doubts if the Royal Society and the Universities together could put up one of *their* "intellectuals" so well-endowed as all that!

It's another kind of advertisement that occupied some of my recent evenings after kennelling-up time. Not being possessed of a Cabinet Secretariat, I quite got the wind up over the size of the batch of letters from BYSTANDER readers, about the advertisement of a gentleman who wants to help all and sundry to make 100 to 200 per cent. per annum out of "pedigree Dog Breeding"; capital required, a tenner to £500; illustrated booklet 6*d.*; expert advice and tuition provided—all very complete, and a pretty expensive advertisement, I imagine.

It's sometimes a bit puzzling having to try and advise between the relative charms of, say, a Toy

THE CHOICE.

Pom and a St. Bernard, or the adoption of a Dog into a West End flat more distinguished for smartness than spaciousness. (I don't hold a bit with the pessimistic authorities who lay it down that you can't fairly keep Dogs in Town. Must revert to this another time.) But all that's easy, compared with the questions fired at me over this 200 per cent. business. Saints Hubert and Bernard and the rest forbid that I should put any BYSTANDER reader off "going in for" Dogs, for I know you're all intelligent—if not "intellectual"—neither would I queer the pitch of the optimistic advertiser; but when I'm asked if I can guarantee every-one profits of 100 to 200 per cent. if they'll send for the booklet and take its writer's counsel—well, dear madams and sirs, the answer has just got to be in the negative, your Kennelman remaining comparatively honest, though poor.

It would be chuckle-headed to deny that profit can be made out of pedigree Dog breeding. I've done it myself. But you need to feel your way carefully, and to know quite a bit about the job before plunging with your "£10-£500," or mortgaging the ancestral flat, villa, or other desirable homestead. Illustrated booklets can be very edifying, and "expert advice and tuition" may be from the end bin—look at mine!—but, all the same, I feel a grave responsibility where the financial and general well-being of every reader of these notes are concerned, and so, with my best air of elderly avuncularity, I say: Go slow! Take your foot right off the accelerator pedal, and feel your way carefully and learningly, with one or two Dogs, at the Shows and the like, before launching out to "found a kennel."

That's that. And, having paid so much tribute to the creeping prudence of approaching middle-age, let me repeat that there *is* profit to be made from Dog breeding, and that, even regarded as a business, there are few more interesting pursuits in all this delightful jazz-tangle of a post-War world. There's a distinctly booming tendency in Dogdom to-day, and the increasing fashionable popularity of a number of such breeds as Alsatians, Pekingese, Sealyhams, Kerry Blues, and Borders, is marked enough to be almost sensational. Cockers and Labradors, too; and—don't forget the others! Fashion doesn't stand still, and some people have found even more of interest, if not of profit, in the building-up than in the following of vogues.

There's a good Show at Brighton to-day (6th), and another at Norwich. Birmingham Show's Wednesday and Thursday of next week; and, by the way, a War-time pal of mine, now in the I.C.S., writes that there's to be quite a succession of good Dog Shows in India during the next few months.

WANTED
A Humorous Photograph

£50 REWARD.

PHOTOGRAPHY has become an art to itself, even rivalling the etcher's needle and the painter's brush, but till now it has been confined to the portrayal of beauty: beautiful women; the beauty of motion; the pictured beauty of landscape. It has practically ignored humour; indeed, humour would seem to have evaded the camera's cunning lens. Is this really so? The Editor wishes to know.

> And, in order to discover this apparent lack of humour, he is prepared to offer a cheque for Fifty Pounds for the photograph which, in his opinion, most truly pictures a spirit of fun, which most truly captures the smiling sprite of humour and from staid seriousness does turn his face—and yours—to smile. Simply a photograph of fun, not a marvellous print requiring years of applied technique to accomplish, just some funny photograph. That's all. And the cheque is yours.

Fill in the entry form on page 658 of this issue and paste it on the back of your photograph. Any number of pictures may be submitted, but each must have the coupon pasted on the back of it.

Photographs must be addressed to The Editor, "The Bystander," Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, in envelopes marked Photographic Competition in the left top corner. They must not be rolled, and should be carefully sealed to avoid postal accidents. They must reach us by *February 1st, 1923.*

The decision of the Editor will be final, and the full copyright and negative of the winning picture will become the property of "The Bystander." The Editor reserves the right to publish any photograph sent in at the usual rate of payment.

By EDNA HUBER CHURCH. *Illustrated by AUBREY HAMMOND*

DEAR EMILY JANE—

RUN up the flag and get a can of metal polish for my medals.

I'm a war veteran. We've just returned from Ireland. It's terrible, Emily, just terrible. Unless they stop their fighting they are going to have all the nice old ladies scared to death, and then what are we going to do for our real Irish point lace? Oh, well, it's always the woman who pays.

Things aren't half bad in Ireland, though not as bad as you'd expect. Of course, there's lots of shooting, but not much killing, and since they've just attained a certain amount of freedom and liberty, why shouldn't they have a celebration every night, with firecrackers and everything? Someone better warn them about this liberty business though, because just as soon as the old United States began to get real free and untrammelled, and after it had helped to make the rest of the world safe for Democracy, then they brought on prohibition. I guess prohibition is one of the curses of liberty.

"All the nice old ladies scared to death"

The Irish Army is only a baby army, but they are the sweetest boys. Pink cheeks, blue eyes, full of smiles, and always happy, you feel as though you want to kiss them all. However, they tell me they are all fighting bearcats and that Mr. De Valera, the gentleman who came to our dearly beloved land and sold us large quantities of beautifully engraved bonds, had better take to the tall timbers if he ever gets within hailing distance of these boy soldiers of the Free State.

I'm awfully sorry, but I didn't get mixed up in any ambushes, so I can't tell you just what an ambush is, but I am reliably informed that it is no kin of the rose-bush or the blackthorn.

Well, I don't suppose you are much excited over the political situation in Ireland, so, perhaps, I had better get down to earth and tell you about the Irish women. You know every Irish baritone at home always has a sentimental song about a "wild Irish rose" or a "sweet colleen," or something else that's deary and ducky. I don't know how wild these Irish roses are, but believe me, they are roses all right, and they are better than the American Beauties, too. The Irish girls only need a little Fifth Avenue tailoring to make them the world's champion knock-outs. I'll bet half the flappers who are killing them dead on Broadway to-night would have to go out of the flapping business if there were about five hundred of these Irish dolls imported into the Big Town to compete. They have some ideas about clothes, too; the only trouble they don't execute all of their ideas. I'm for them.

"Warn them about this liberty business"

"I'm sorry I didn't get mixed up in any ambushes"

Enough of Ireland, eh, wot? It's good to have been on the "ould sod," but the best thing about Dublin is that it makes me like London more.

I don't know when we're coming home, dearie. Mother and I are both simply crazy about England now. We've been down in the country, and have seen scenery like no motion-picture director ever built in Hollywood. We've been at the seaside and seen "bathing beauties" with more clothes on than the law requires, and even then they would make Mack Sennett sit up and take notice. This business of bathing over here is taken very seriously. One starts out swathed in Turkish towels, bathrobes, and plenty of bathing clothes, then disrobes in a little house on wheels and takes the plunge. The water is so cold, though, that when you have finished there isn't any temptation to loll on the beach and display your latest bathing suit and any charms you may have. Beauty may be skin deep, but bathing in England is only a skin peep for the curious.

"Every Irish baritone . . ."

Well, curly locks, I'm off to the barber. Nope, I haven't taken to shaving, but I'm going to have my hair bobbed. Horrors, I can hear you say. Well, I am, nevertheless. I'm going to be a short-haired lady and look as though I belonged to the *intelligentsia*.

Over the river, as they say in France,

Yours ever, LOU

"I've had my hair bobbed"

P.S.—Wasn't it this guy, Samson, who lost his strength when they bobbed his hair? He has nothing on me. My hair is bobbed, and I accepted another invitation from the Major on the way home from the barber-shop, or hairdresser's, as they call it over here.

"THE LUXURY OF COMPACTOM"
—as the Ideal Christmas Gift.

The Compactom Clothing Cabinet

CONSTRUCTED of Mahogany or Oak throughout and polished; the exterior may be finished Mahogany, Walnut or Jacobean Oak, and will harmonise with any decorative scheme.

Size 4 ft. 4 in. x 5 ft. 9 in. x 1 ft. 7 in.

Accommodation is provided and named for :—

12 Suits	12 pairs of Pants	12 Undervests
36 Handkerchiefs	12 Pairs of Pyjamas.	36 pairs of Socks
24 Shirts	36 Collars	8 pairs of Boots
24 pairs of Trousers	6 Hats	and Shoes.

A fitted draw-tray is also provided for small clothing articles such as Studs, Cuff Links, Handkerchiefs, etc., with separate compartments for each; whilst a vitrolite shelf and glass-fronted mahogany Gallery are fixed under a plate glass Mirror on the right hand door.

"THE THINGS THAT MATTER."

Quality and finish—the best that English workmanship can yield.

Floor Space Economy—4' 4" x 1' 7"

Interior Capacity—It will hold three times as much as any ordinary wardrobe—everything a well-dressed man requires.

Accessibility—Each and every article is at hand, in view, and in properly proportioned compartments—supplies are seen at a glance—there is no waste space.

Pleasurable Utility—An unending pleasure to the tidy—a necessity to the untidy—it is the most convenient way of preserving clothes, and economises time, space, money . . . . and temper.

29½ Guineas.

At London Works.

We have appointed
Messrs. FINNIGANS, Ltd.
as Local Sole Agents for
MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL

AS a Christmas Gift the improved New Year Lady's or Gentleman's Model has no equal in utility; no parallel in popularity; no match in lasting service and no rival in price.

A lifetime of dressing luxury!

May we send you the Compactom Booklet showing how tip-top quality and finish are ensured, and our customers' permanent satisfaction deserved—or better still—call at our Showrooms and appraise the Compactom itself?

COMPACTOM, Ltd.

"VANTAGE HOUSE"
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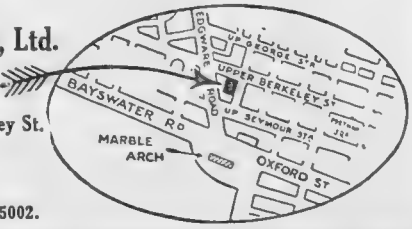
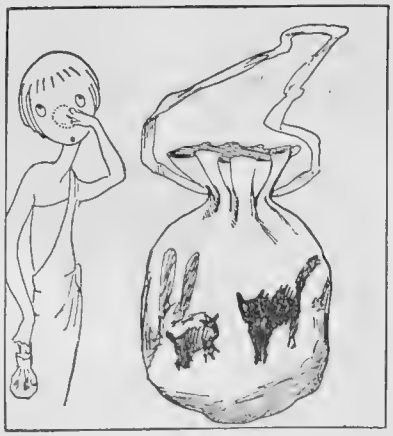


'Phone Padd. 5002.

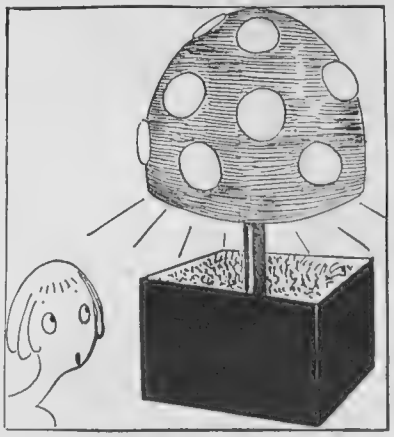
DEAR URSULA: *December 6th*

This white silk and crystal-beaded vanity case just goes with my Victorian evening frock—though whether the lip stick inside would have pleased Queen Victoria I don't know—



PAM IN PARIS

The moments spent in powdering our noses would amount to years in the course of our lives. Mine is so prominent! The puff I carry in a small white kid bag, with a black cat snarling at a dog—



My latest electric lamp is like an orange tree growing in a tub. The shade, of green silk, has orange discs to look like oranges.

PAMELA

Femina

ON PASSAGES. BY MRS. M. VINCE

IF you were to ask a company of people to draw up, off-hand, a list of the things in our houses which are quite modern, which have come in, let us say, during the last two hundred years, one would get some amusing answers. Some things, of course, would appear on every list, the most modern—such as electric light, electric bells, gas, the bathroom, the telephone, and so forth. Some people, though not all, would remember to put down wall-papers. But there is one thing which I doubt if anyone would think of including, and that is passages. In the ordinary English house one thinks of passages as an important and inevitable part of any and every house. Many houses are of very complicated design solely on account of the passages, and probably there are thousands of English people who could not imagine a house without them. The labourers' cottage has none. There you go through the front-door straight into the living-room, and straight from the living-room into the kitchen-scullery. The presence of a passage is definitely a step upwards both in the social and in the architectural scale.

YET, in spite of all this, anyone who played the game which I have suggested, would be entitled to put down passages and score a point for them. The first big house with a passage, or as it was called "long entry throughe all" was built in the time of Queen Elizabeth. All the rooms opened off it. But before that time, as one can see at Hampton Court, the rooms, even in the largest houses, opened out of one another, and this fashion continued in English houses well into the eighteenth century.

NOT only is the passage in the English house comparatively modern, but the practice of having rooms opening into each other is still quite common in other countries. It is a very good thing for us to be reminded that the passage is not the universal and indispensable part of a house or flat which we are accustomed to think it. We do, in fact, sacrifice a great deal of light, space and convenience to our passages, and without giving them up, we might very well make much greater use than we do of connecting rooms.

I WAS in a small and quite modern Swedish house last summer, of the type that we should call a suburban villa, and its ground floor was built with all the rooms connecting. From the small square hall, one passed through a door on the right into the drawing-room, and from there one could go round the house, first into a sitting-room, from there into the dining-room, and from the dining-room direct to the kitchen, and from the kitchen back into the hall.

IT is however, not so much in houses as in flats, that we might make much more use of the connecting-door. I was in a Hampstead flat recently, one of several hundreds in a large block of buildings, all on the same plan, and it had a very narrow, dark passage in the shape of an "L," the front door being at the toe of the letter. Such a passage gives, as soon as one enters, a feeling of being cramped and confined. Moreover, it took up a space, which in a small flat, would have been most valuable as an addition to the rooms.

I COULD not help contrasting that flat with a foreign flat that I know built on the connecting-door principle, and ideally planned for one, or for two people, with one maid. It had a minute square hall, a door on one side leading into the kitchen, and a door on the other side into the drawing-room. Leading out of this end of the drawing-room was a small study. At the other end double doors led into the dining-room, which was at right-angles to it. At the far end of the dining-room was the bedroom, and another door from the dining-room led into the kitchen. Off the kitchen was the maid's bed-sitting-room. Besides the door into the hall, the kitchen had yet another door—it was a ground-floor flat—opening into the small central courtyard round which the whole house was built.

I HAVE described the flat as it is, but, it might equally well have had a second bedroom in place of the study, and the drawing-room was large enough to have been divided into two good-sized rooms, so that it could, without altering the main plan, have been a very conveniently arranged flat, with three bedrooms and three sitting-rooms, Every foot of space was used to advantage, and the flat had not a single dark corner.

M. V.

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Our Failures in Sport

WHY MAKE A HOBBY OF THEM?

THERE was once a man—this is not a new story, and my excuse for repeating it must be that it happens to be *apropos*—who consulted a doctor about an ailment from which he was suffering. The doctor recommended an operation, whereupon the patient expressed astonishment. "An operation?" he queried. "But surely the illness is not really a serious one?" "No, it isn't," retorted the doctor, drily, "but I suppose you don't want to make a *hobby* of it, do you?"

I AM wondering whether we are not getting just a little too apt to make a hobby of the fact that England has not been doing quite as well of late in the domain of sport as she might have done. I am not referring so much to the players as to the onlookers who air their views in print, in the pavilion, or in the smoking-room of their clubs and hotels. Are we not getting so much into the habit of regarding the victory of the foreigner as a foregone conclusion that we are equally prone to belittle our own efforts, whatever the result of the contest may be? If the invader wins it seems to be the correct thing to exclaim, "Our people never had an earthly!" If, by chance, he loses, the cry is, "Just a fluke; it wouldn't happen again!" Which is, of course, all very polite and nice, but—don't you think?—just a trifle servile, and, therefore, un-English. We may be suffering from an illness. As the leading sporting nation of the world we may not be in the best of health. But as the doctor suggested, we don't want to make a hobby of it.

I AM tempted to air these views by the fact that you can find them expounded much more pungently and much more amusingly in F. B. Wilson's *Sporting Pie* (Chapman and Hall: 15*s.* net), a book of memoirs which no one who is addicted to the playing of games can afford to miss. It is just conceivable that there may be some people who do not know and have never heard of "Freddy" Wilson, and it is for their sake that I mention that some twenty odd years ago Wilson gained his Blue for cricket at Cambridge (afterwards becoming captain of the side), and his half-Blue for rackets and tennis, and that since he came down from the 'Varsity he has made a name for himself as a versatile journalist with original ideas and a vocabulary of his own, who knows what he is talking about, and does not hesitate to say what he thinks.

"ONE gets a little fed up," he remarks in an early chapter,

From the drawing by C. Hildyard
"WAKERS"
W. W. Wakefield, the English International and old Blue, who will lead the Cambridge Rugger Team against Oxford at Twickenham on December 12th.

"by the way that everything English in the world of sport is consistently run down." And as an illustration of what he means he goes on: "In 1921 some lunatic is reported to have said that W. G. Grace never met bowlers quite like Macdonald and Gregory, when he was at his best. I withdraw the word 'lunatic'; it is true that 'W.G.' never did meet bowlers quite like that on quite those wickets. That is the reason why he never made 300 in a Test Match in all probability." Who is prepared to say that this caustic comment is not justified?

WILSON was present at Wimbledon in 1919 when Mrs. Lambert Chambers lost the ladies' championship of lawn tennis—through a species of fluke—to Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen. And he was frankly disgusted. "For whom," he asks, "were the cheers? For the lady who for so many years had upheld the honour of our lady players? Not a bit. A most gallant loser, as she had ever been a sporting winner, apparently more than half the spectators were absolutely glad to see her defeated." And lower down he reflects, not inaptly, that "England for the English" is only permissible when you are abroad.

SPEAKING of lawn tennis generally, and of the last championship meeting at Wimbledon in particular, Wilson pursues the same vein of thought; he thinks that one reason why the game has come to stay is that England did extremely badly at Wimbledon. "Whenever one's own people are beaten by foreigners at anything, that particular thing at once becomes the great thing of the moment." Conversely he opines that if the Dohertys could "come back" and dominate lawn tennis as they did in the days when they were at their zenith the game would suffer a temporary eclipse. A somewhat extreme way of stating the case, perhaps, but rather a good way, all the same, of rubbing it in. I agree with the author in thinking that the warning of the risk we run in making a hobby of our comparative failures at games cannot be uttered too loudly.

FOR the rest the book is a wholly delightful *farrago* of history, anecdote and personalia about people prominent in every branch of sport. It is not given to every man to be a successful *raconteur* on paper, or to be statistical without being dull. "Freddy" Wilson can be both. I have given prominence to one of his many propositions designedly because I regard it as the keynote of the book, which breathes from its first page to its last a whole-souled devotion to sport, and to English sport in particular. H. S. S.

BLENHEIM PALACE.—Designed by Vanbrugh, and presented to the Duke of Marlborough as a reward for his victory at Blenheim in 1704.

Johnnie Walker: "John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, head of an illustrious family; yet they tell me your Army 'swore terribly in Flanders'."

Shade of Duke of Marlborough: "True, but unlike the Army of to-day they had no JOHNNIE WALKER."

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Secrets of the Silver Screen

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Illustrated by Geo. S. Dixon.

No. VI.—THE QUEER ROMANCE

EVERYTHING had gone awry with Billy Ballin on the day when the queer romance began. The small boy engaged for the new play had developed measles. A long-distance 'phone from San Francisco announced that negotiations for filming a scene in the lobby of the Hotel Fairfax had fallen through, owing to the manager's pigheadedness. The lobby, therefore, must be copied, and built up in the studio, a matter of time and money. The leading woman had tried a new make-up, against Billy's advice, and the "rushes" of her first scene, shown in his private projection theatre, proved that the colour was wrong. The lady had wept at sight of her image, and Billy had growled because many feet of film were wasted. On top of all this bad luck the miniature model of a great liner, doomed to sink in a tank fourteen feet deep (tragic effect of immense ship in illimitable ocean), had been improperly ballasted. Her load of pig-iron had been wrongly placed, a cable had slipped, and the vessel kicked up her heels, skittishly plunging down by the nose, instead of listing with dignity to starboard, according to plan.

Billy is the best-tempered star in Hollywood, but even he had to draw the line of patience somewhere, and he was itching to "bawl out" everyone, when Props burst in upon him, all mystery and excitement.

"Say, Mr. Ballin, danged if we ain't got a stowaway in the *Louis Sieze* (he called it "Looey Seeze") bedroom set. Can you spare me five mo. to pop in and lamp him?"

Billy couldn't spare even one mo., and informed Props that if there were twenty stowaways they might go—somewhere else. Never mind where. Props persisted, however, and his manner was so strange that curiosity overcame rage.

Cuddled under the embroidered coverlet of the "Looey Seeze" bed, a little boy lay, fast asleep, but Ballin's amazed "*Hell*-lo!" shocked him awake. He sat up and stared, with black eyes too big for a small round face. Then suddenly he grinned. "Gosh!" he chuckled, "it's Billy." And Ballin thrilled with some such thrill as Abraham must have known when he "lamped" the ram caught in the bushes.

Here was a lamb, and in bed, not bushes. Yet, as that ram saved a delicate situation for Abraham, so might this lamb save one nearly as desperate for Billy Ballin. Indeed, the creature's way of telling his own tale proved his talent for drama. His parents were "show folks" (judging from his slang, the roughest of vaudevillians). He hadn't begun to "work" yet, because there was nothing for him in their "turn," but he acted as their dresser. He, Jimmy Morgan, wasn't quite five, so far as he knew (pa and ma had adopted him, taking him over from some other vague pa and ma), but for a long time his dream had been to meet Billy Ballin in the flesh. No sooner had the grown-ups arrived at Los Angeles than he had escaped, and, possessing no money, had walked to Hollywood. It was almost night when he reached his destination; but when enquiry brought him to Billy's studio, some actors and "actorines" happening to go in, Jimmy slipped in with them. He'd heard someone say to someone else that Ballin was gone—wouldn't be back till morning. Jimmy saw that he must find a hiding and a resting place together. The "Looey Seeze" set, deserted, had seemed to be IT. Jim had, he mentioned, passed a d——d good night, and was now hungry as h-ll, but blankety blank glad to see Bill Ballin.

Billy himself could swear if needful, but to hear such words drop from such lips shocked, while they tickled, his sense of contrast. Horror and ribald mirth were far, however, from being his strongest suit in emotions. He saw that here was the ideal kid for his new film, "Two Tramps." He saw, also, that the boy's eyes were a marvellous copy of eyes he loved and longed for: eyes of his "Princess Lointaine," perhaps the one woman not to be dazzled by the glittering star that Billy was. Altogether, this stowaway of the "Looey Seeze" set was a gift of Providence, not alone for Billy's film, but for Billy's private life.

The fact was, Janette Belden, a beautiful and somewhat tragic young woman, met on shopboard, had lost an adored baby. Not the hand of death, but the hand of a brutal husband, had stolen it. After a quarrel the man had taken the year-old boy and vanished. The next news Janette got was of her husband's death in a sensational railway smash; but apparently the child had not been with him. The few papers on the dead man told nothing of the boy, and since that time, though four years had passed, no offered rewards, no expensive detectives, had unearthed him. Janette spent her time in flitting from country to country, in pursuit of supposed clues, and had no heart for any man, even the famous Billy Ballin.

Now, Billy didn't dream for a moment that this little "rough neck," Jimmy Morgan, was Janette Belden's lost son; but all's fair in love and films, therefore (as the child *might* be the missing one) Bill was entitled to telegraph Janette in New York. Accordingly he did so.

Naturally, he counted on a quick response, and hoped for one word, "Coming." Instead, there was no answer; and days dragged on. They were not wasted, because Jimmy's camera tests were great, and he was proving a winner, yet disappointing they were to the verge of heartbreak. Billy realised that Janette must have gone on the long trail again, without letting him know. She lived in hotels, and they had no friends in common.

(*Continued on page 717*)

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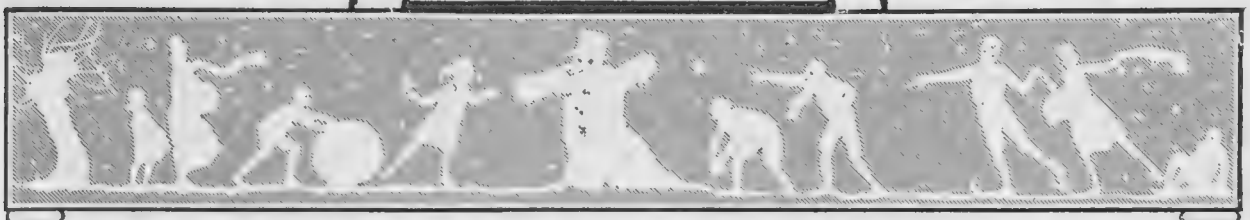

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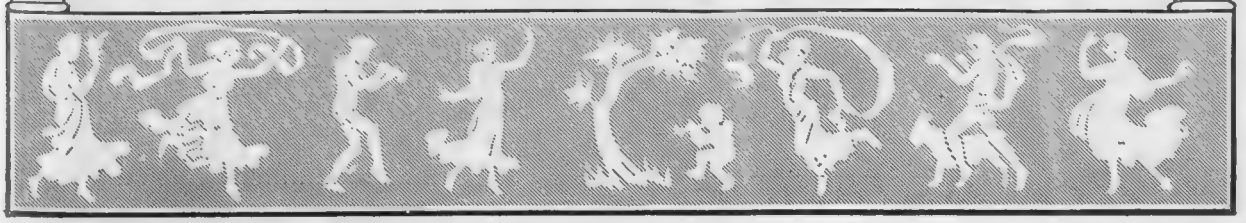

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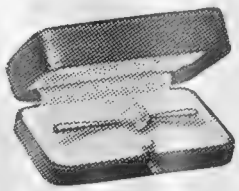

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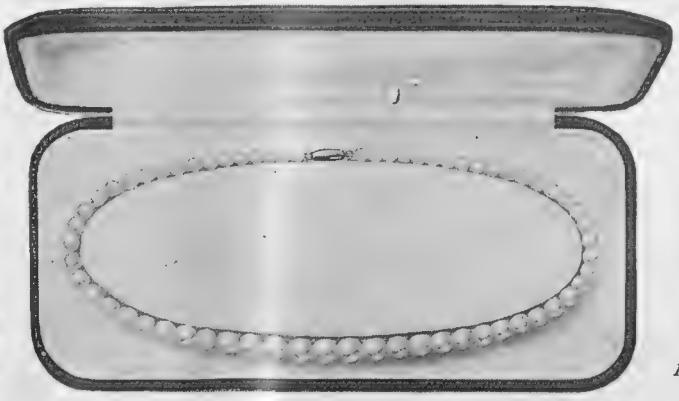

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VAUDEVILLE VAGARIES

By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

There is a man in the orchestra who can play the violin just as well, but "Lino, The Tramp Violinist," gets twenty times as much

He dared not employ detectives—at all events, so early in the game, and there was nothing to do but hope that his wire and following letter might be forwarded.

Meanwhile, Jimmy's guardians were unearthed. They admitted that he wasn't their own, but they had informally adopted him while "resting" at an Illinois farm. A man and his wife, supposed to be keeping the child for a commercial traveller who'd disappeared or died, fell into hard luck, and on the verge of being "sold up" had killed themselves. The Morgan's landlord had taken the boy till a near-by orphanage could make room, but the vaudeville pair had fancied the child and had seen how he might be useful. For a wage worthy of a baby vamp they now let Jimmy out to Billy Ballin and moved on along their circuit.

As an actor the boy surpassed Billy's expectations, and his part bade fair to rival the star's. Far from being jealous, however, Billy was enchanted. He went out of his way to advertise his acquisition, and photographs of "Wonderful Jimmy Morgan, Billy Ballin's latest find," went forth by the hundred, not only to American newspapers, but those of all other more or less civilised countries which Billy's press agents could reach. His theory was that even if Janette didn't receive his S.O.S. she might see the photographs, notice the likeness to herself, and reading between the lines that explained the portrait, catch a ray of hope from the veiled hint of a mysterious origin.

The film was on the eve of completion, however, and no word had arrived from Janette. By this time Billy had become attached to the child, despite the rough ways to which Jimmy clung. Ballin wrote to the Morgans offering a big bribe if they would give up the child and allow him to be adopted, but to Billy's grief the decision was, "Nothing doing." The pair missed Jimmy, and wanted him back the minute his studio work was finished.

"Bluff!" thought Billy, and bid another thousand; but the answer

was the same. Morgan himself returned to Hollywood, reeking of "hooch" and vile tobacco, to carry off the prize. Jimmy shed tears as large as cherries, and Billy's eyes were not dry as the boy was carried off roaring.

It was that same day (it *would* be, since life is like that!) when Janette Belden's telegram came. It was headed Biskra, Algerie. At that place, she had seen Jimmy's picture in a week-old Paris paper, and while she pandered the resemblance a packet of mail, following her from place to place, arrived. "Coming home at once," she wired Billy.

He would almost have sold his soul to hand Jimmy over to her, to say, "I've kept him till you can find out if he's yours. Anyhow, you shall have him if you want him, without any string tied to the gift, though you know what I'm dying for, from you."

But it wasn't to be. Janette had to fight for Jimmy with the Morgans. At last, after months of hope and fear, detectives exploring the past were able to prove that James Belden had placed the boy with the couple who, later, had killed themselves. The Morgans surrendered the child to his mother, and so great was her boy, her absorption in him, that she seemed to forget what she owed to Ballin. That cable, "Coming home," hadn't meant coming to Hollywood. Janette had approached no nearer than Illinois, and virtue remained Billy's sole reward. He'd begun work on a new and childless film, when his name on an envelope addressed by Janette sprang to his eyes in the studio one morning.

"He sat up and stared"

"My dear friend, I can do nothing with Jimmy," her letter ran. "You wouldn't believe it of a child of five, but he smokes and drinks. How he gets the stuff I don't know, except that he slips away from me and the tutor I've engaged for him, whenever he can, and he's bored stiff with us both because we have to scold him. He's actually homesick for those horrible Morgans, who have brought him up with the manners and tastes of a gunman. He actually wants to go back to them—says 'it's no life' with me. Dear Billy, please advise me. What shall I do? I know you take an interest in us *both*, and I'm *not* ungrateful, though you may have thought me so."

Billy wired back: "Ask Jimmy if he'd rather live with me than the Morgans, and tell me just what he says."

The answer came: "Jimmy says 'You bet your sweet life.' But I can't give him up even to you."

"Why give him up?" the question flashed to New York.

"What do you mean?" flashed a following question to Hollywood.

"Can't you guess? The fewer titles and sub-titles the better in big scenes like this is the rule of my studio," swept from West to East. Not that Billy felt frivolous, quite the contrary; but an appeal to a woman's sense of humour is often a good tip. She's flattered because you think she has one.

"Hope I've guessed right," she replied. "We arrive Limited Thursday."

Billy bought the license, and met his future family at the train.

A CROSS "PATCH"

EXASPERATED ELDER SISTER: "Yer see, yer little wretch, you've made even the roads cross with yer"

By Elsa Courlander

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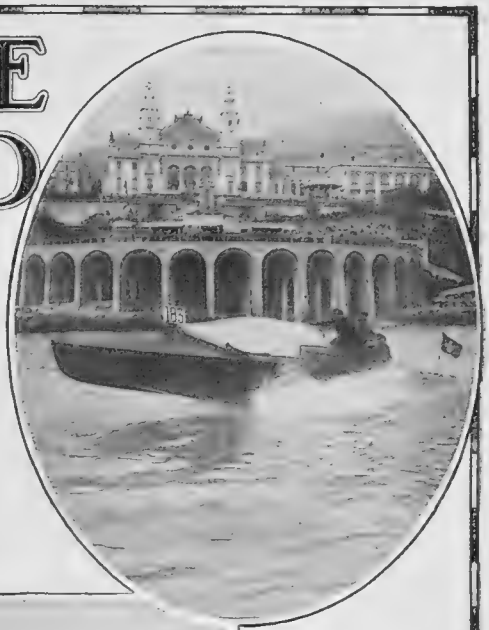

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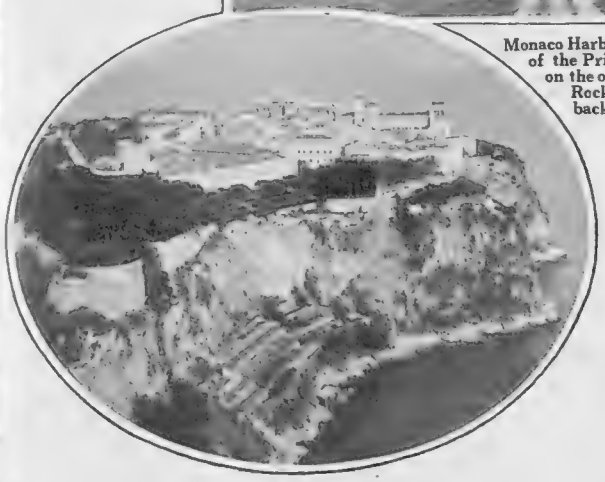
Athletic Sports.

Monaco Harbour with a view of the Princes' Palace on the old Monaco Rock as a background



Old Monaco Rock

Lawn Tennis in the famous La Festa Courts

OPERAS, under the direction of M. Raoul Gunsbourg. Orchestra Conductor, M. Léon Jéhin.
The finest Artists of International Repute. Gorgeous "Mise-en-Scène."
CONCERTS: Modern, conducted by M. Lauweryns. Classical, conducted by M. Léon Jéhin.
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RUSSIAN BALLETS. OPERETTES AND LIGHT COMEDIES.

THE CATERING IN THE HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS IS THE BEST THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE

Illustrated Booklet can be obtained of International Sleeping Car Co., 20, Cockspur St., London, W.1, etc., etc., "S.E.C. Ry.," Victoria Station, Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons Agencies.

THROUGH TRAIN RUNS DAILY FROM VICTORIA STATION.

MOTOR-NOTES

With the conclusion of the Cycle and Motor-Cycle Exhibition at Olympia last week the motoring community will settle down to winter quarters and ruminate as to whether the new models they have seen or read about will tempt them to change their old car or cycle for a new one in the coming spring. Yet it would be far better if those who can afford to buy a new car would get it now, and run it gently into its bearings so as to be ready to let it all out when required in the longer and brighter days of the budding leaf. The chief reason why new cars and new cycles are not taken delivery of in the winter months is purely a matter of paint and varnish, as when the sun shines brightly they wish their conveyances to also shine too. Still there is no real reason why the paint work will not withstand the test of the days and nights of cold, mud, and mist, by expending a little labour combined with the efficient use of chamois leather and water washings. Sponges are the enemies of paint, as they are apt to pick up grit and so scratch the outer coat when used for washing down. Therefore, if leathers are used in their place there is no good reason why a new car's paint and varnish should not survive during the cold weather and the rainy season, and emerge in the spring bright as the proverbial butterfly.

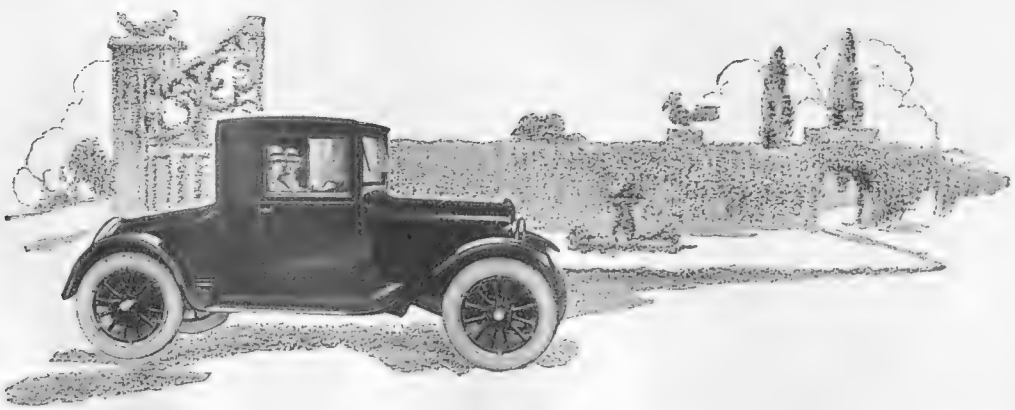
***

Club dinners, dances, and social evenings are now in full swing to keep the members in touch with one another now the days of trials and competition runs have ceased for a while. The most important of these gatherings will be the dinner and entertainment at Covent Garden Theatre to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Automobile Club on December 8, next Friday, to which all members are eligible to be present if they choose to pay the price of a ticket of thirty shillings. Boxes, too, can be obtained where the members can entertain their male guests to dinner, and afterwards soften the black-coated array by welcoming their lady friends and relations to see the entertainment that follows at 9.30 p.m. This function will bring back quaint memories of the early days of motoring, of troubles now unknown to the present-day motorist,

(*Continued on page 722*)

MOTORING ON THE RIVIERA

One of the new Cars d'Excursions de Luxe owned by the Auto-Riviera Company, which is running splendid daily services between Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone and Cannes.



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The "to and fro" runs of the social round and the business day are in themselves a sheer enjoyment when made in the luxurious comfort of the Dodge Brothers Coupé.

For here is a car, in its interior and exterior, which is just after the heart of the man who lives well, dresses well, and gets things done quietly, efficiently, quickly.

On standard 17-24 h.p. chassis £395

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Write for Hamptons' new book, C110, illustrating all these rooms in colour—sent free.

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Decorators · Furnishers

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British Wire Netting (B.W.N.M.A. Brand) is supplied in 50-yard rolls or shorter lengths by all Ironmongers.

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123 Colmore Row, Birmingham

British Wire Netting

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

yet, as at that period twelve miles an hour was considered a dangerous speed, some of those troubles still exist in another ratio. Twenty-five years ago, the English language was scarcely full enough to find words of abuse that was showered on those that dared to own cars. To-day it is only lack of cash that prevents every man, woman and child owning some sort of power-driven road vehicle. In fact, in the U.S.A. it is estimated by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce in New York that in some sixty moderately-sized towns in that country no fewer than 500,000 cars have been used during the past three years to fight against the high rates and rents by the inhabitants, who have moved out into the surrounding country districts to drive in and out from their work to their homes.

* * *

THE MOKE AND THE MIGHTY

Mrs. J. Tudor Rees, wife of Captain J. Tudor Rees who unsuccessfully contested Barnstaple in the recent election, shows her Sunbeam car to a trusted, if less speedy, friend

POSSIBLY if there were suitable parking places for car-owners to leave their vehicles in our own towns and cities a similar condition of automobile ownership would take place here. Even in the City of London it is hard to find a garage where one pays to leave the car during the hours of business, and if the owner's work keeps him late, or after two o'clock on a Saturday he will not be able to get the car out again as the garage locks its doors after that hour until Monday morning. Sir Herbert Austin, M.P., told a story recently at a public dinner of a labourer driving his car up to some works he happened to be visiting in the U.S.A. lately, who had come to the works to ask for a job. Sir Herbert suggested that the time would come when the British bricklayers' hod-carrier would also do the same. Never will it be possible until there are facilities for leaving such cars unattended and in places where no charge will be made for letting them remain there while the owners go, as Sir Harry Lauder puts it, "to their comfortable work." Still the English chimney sweep of to-day goes to his job on a side-car combination, or on an old car that he has picked up for a few pounds, so though twenty-five years ago the motor-car was the toy of the very rich, to-day it is the means of conveyance of the poorest. All of which is greatly due to the Club that is celebrating its foundation on Friday.

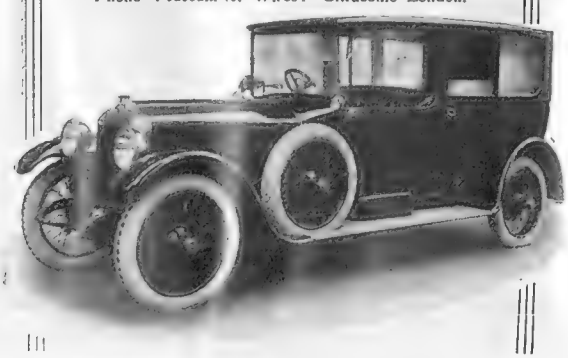
* * *

WITH a quarter of a century of motoring behind us it is appropriate that some wonderful catalogues should be issued recently by the leading motor making firms. The present Rolls-Royce book, illustrated with actual photographs taken in natural colours by Mr. Percy Northey, is a work of art, besides its usefulness as a catalogue whose aim has been to show exactly the appearance of the car in its various forms of present-day carriage in actual use on the road, which enables a prospective purchaser to make a satisfactory solution with its assistance. Those interested in colour photography will revel in these pictures and motorists will enjoy them for portraying the car in its proper place on the roadway instead of the show-room which is so often the case of the ordinary trade price list. OLD HY.

The Car of Supreme Distinction

4-cylinder ... ... 15 h.p. and 20 h.p.
6-cylinder ... ... 20 h.p. and 30 h.p.

MINERVA MOTORS, LTD.,
Showrooms and Offices : Spare Parts and Repairs
CHENIES ST., LONDON, W.C. 1.
'Phone Museum 40. Wires: "Citraconic London."



Overland

Comfort. No. 1.

Here's where Overland comfort comes from—Triplex suspension Springs—unquestionably the most important improvement since the introduction of pneumatic tyres. They make riding easy; guard the mechanism of the car from road shocks, prolong the life of the car and reduce upkeep.

The unequalled riding comfort of the Overland Sedan comes from these Springs. Beautifully upholstered in rich velour; the Sedan has no rival in refinement of design, comfort, performance—or price. Completely equipped and with five Fisk Tyres £395

1923 PRICES.

British-Built All-Weather Touring Car	£365
British-Built 2-3 Seater, with double Dickey ..	£350
All-Weather Model (Beatonson)	£465
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WORLD-FAMOUS HATS

Colours Guaranteed Unfadable

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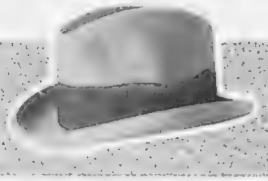
IS PARTICULARLY CALLED THAT ANY HAT SOLD WITHOUT THE STAMP

Borsalino

Grand Prix-Paris 1900

ORIGINAL HOUSE FOUNDED IN 1857

IS NOT AN ORIGINAL "BORSALINO."



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See that he gets a

City de Luxe

at Xmas.

He may be different in *some* things—he may have fads and fancies about other things—but he's the same as all men in *one thing*—if he's a smoker, *he does want a "CITY DE LUXE."*

Here's the reason. He knows that a "CITY DE LUXE" is the sweetest *smoking* Pipe he can have or you can buy him.

He knows that the "CITY DE LUXE" is made by the makers of the famous GBD—an all-sufficient guarantee.

He knows, and it is well that you should know, that you can buy his *favourite* shape in the "CITY DE LUXE." There are 101 shapes to choose from.

The Price is **5/6.** If you wish to spend more—*give him a couple.* Of all leading Tobacconists.

City de Luxe . 5/6
(Special Shapes, Prince and Army, Silver Mounted 6/6)
City Pipe, Silver Mounted 3/6
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Shape 1601.

Shape 1933.

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Did She Show Just a Trace of Chagrin Last Christmas?

THAT is, did it seem to you that her enthusiasm was moderated? Was there a suggestion of disillusionment in her voice? Of mental reservation in her thanks, as if she were trying to regulate her gratitude to your gift? Did she, for example, express herself as being very, very grateful? Then, the solution is simple. It is so like a woman to use "very" twice when she would rather not use it at all! She really wanted a Necklace of Técla Pearls, and was in the embarrassing predicament of having to be grateful for the wrong gift!

TÉCLA PEARL NECKLACES
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas

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7 Old Bond Street London

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Solid Silver Ever-pointed Pencil (rigid lead) with compartment for reserve leads, and clip for pocket 19 6
9-ct. Gold £3 12 6
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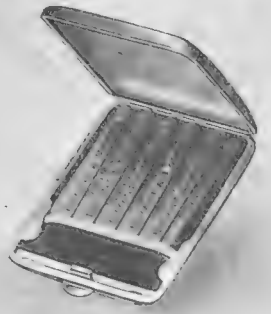
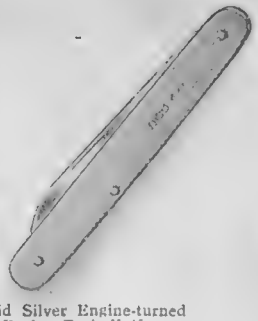
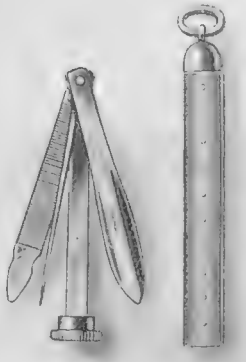


Solid Silver Engine-turned Match Case, to take book of tear-off matches 14 0
9 ct. Gold £5 10 0



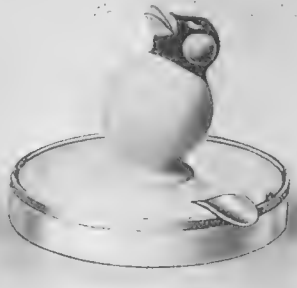
Solid Silver Engine-turned Pocket Fruit Knife.
13/-

Engine-turned Silver Mounted and Cut Glass Scent Sprayer.
£2 5 0



Engine-turned Silver Mounted Pipe Smoker's Companion, in engine-turned Silver case.
15/-

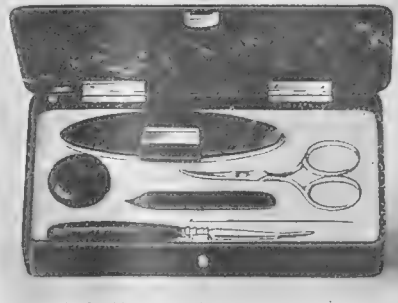
Silver Mounted Lock-up Engraved Glass Whiskey Decanter. Capacity, 1½ pints.
£3 2 6



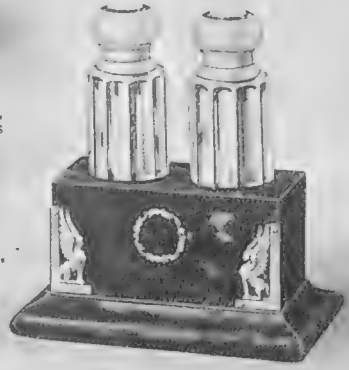
Ash Trays in Mexican Onyx Silver-gilt Mounted, with hand-coloured porcelain models of various quaint birds.
each £1 7 6

Gifts Book post free.

Selections for approval carriage paid.



Finely Figured Tortoiseshell Manicure Box, silver-gilt mounts, lined velvet, complete with six manicure fittings.
£10 0 0



Pair Cut Glass Scent or Oil Bottles, with ivory tops inlaid tortoiseshell, in silver and tortoiseshell mounted stand.
£3 10 0

ONLY ONE ADDRESS

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd
with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths' Alliance Ltd Est. 1751
112, Regent Street, London, W.1.

NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE

XMAS SHOPPING

What to Buy — Where to buy it

V.H.

Gowns for Christmas Festivities

EVERYTHING in these common-sense days comes into the *galère* of Yuletide offerings and there is nothing more welcome than a *recherché* evening *toilette* at the moment. At Gooch's, Brompton Road, S.W., an establishment rich in ravishing models, the presiding genius is French, and her impeccable taste evident in every single one of the creations for which she is responsible. A notable example whereof is here illustrated, a *chef d'œuvre* of black chiffon velvet, a gown that is literally modelled in the material. In a studied simplicity lies the great *chic*, a lovely wing ornament of *diamanté* resting on the left hip, and the price is quite moderate at 30 guineas, or in the same fashionable fabric comes a slightly younger frock, the skirt mounted on to a long, sleeveless

A SIMPLE EVENING GOWN
Seen at Gooch's, Brompton Road, S.W.
Sketched by Betty Nisbet

corsage, with an upstanding frill, and taking a sharp dip down at one side.

In black only, Gooch has brought out an inexpensive little dance dress in georgette, which at 8 guineas is a real bargain, and a gift any girl would be proud to possess. Direct from Paris is an adjustable model suitable to either afternoon or evening. The style is of the simplest, just a long *moyenage* bodice and plain skirt, a most original model, and as attractive as it is fresh in feeling.

Bijouterie and Watches

A perfect fetish at the moment is the jewelled veil fastener. Scarcely a hat fails to display one of these pretty decorative accessories, which vary in size from a tiny arrow to a quite appreciable length more resembling a sword. Among the first to develop the idea were the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W., and they are as busy to-day here as ever evolving fresh expressions. The latest notion in this connection is an adjustable jewelled bar for the tip, which may be had in diamonds, onyx, emeralds, rubies or sapphires, so that one mount can be accorded different aspects, and toned to various hats and gowns.

AN INEXPENSIVE GIFT
From the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Regent Street

With whisky at the price it is those in perplexity what to give their bachelor men-folk may be glad to hear of an engraved glass decanter, silver mounted, with neat little padlocked neck, that costs the mere bagatelle price of £3 2*s*. 6*d*., and which together with veil fastener is illustrated. No matter what amount one has to spend at 112, Regent Street, the same courteous attention and interest is forthcoming, while for the convenience of clients who have to shop through the post there is the customary lavishly illustrated catalogue.

Party Models for Tiny Tots

In her new and enlarged premises, 33, New Bond St., W., Madame Barri has been able to devote a considerably increased space to her children's section. Akin with everything else touched by this expert *chatelaine*, Madame Barri exercises her well-known prerogative to be exclusive both in materials and styles, and she has every reason to feel proud of her array of dainty garments for tiny boys and girls of any age, especially designed in view of Christmas gaieties.

The two examples shown include a suit for a wee boy just breeched, carried out in pale yellow crêpe de Chine, the ridiculous little trousers buttoned visibly on a soft shirt of the same with a bubbles frill and turned back cuffs of georgette, surely most reasonably priced at 4½ guineas, and the sweetest frock for a girlie of about five years, fashioned of the organdi in the same delicate tone of yellow, trimmed with small picot edged frills; this also appeals as a veritable gift at 45*s*.

Contrary to the usual custom, Madame Barri does not add to her prices, for the designs being exclusive, and round about five guineas she is turning out frocks that are the epitome of charming childish elegance. There is, for instance, the most fascinating picture frock, the quaint pointed bodice having short *pouf* sleeves and a square-cut neck, effected in a pale blue Chinese silk brocade, the full skirt mounted over flesh pink chiffon. While a reminiscence of the Stuart period finds expression in a little square tabbed bodice of pink taffetas, surmounting a full *tulle* skirt, trimmed with two tiny ruffles of the same. This *chef d'œuvre* including a silk slip coming out at 4½ guineas. And any and all of her models Madame Barri undertakes to copy at the shortest possible notice, for her workrooms are especially well-equipped.

FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS PARTY
Exclusive models from Madame Barri, New Bond St. W.
Sketched by Betty Nisbet

A SMART OVERCOAT
From H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street, W.

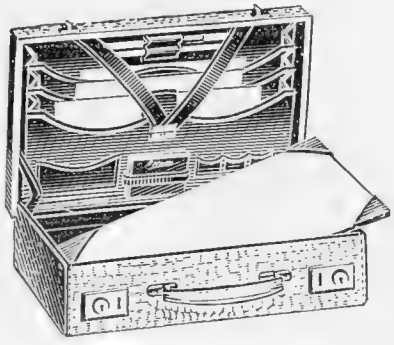
Serviceable Suggestions

Back again to the practical, we are brought up with a run to the splendid preparations made for the season by H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street, W. These people are out with big temptations in the guise of smart wrap-coats that range in price from 6½ guineas, the above-named sum securing the "Zozo," a jolly overcoat built of velours and blanket cloth, half lined silk. Then stepping up the scale is to find the smart, exceedingly shapely model of suède velour, sketched by our artist. Possessed of an especially attractive back, completed by a clever adjustable collar, and lined through with good satin, the cost has been cut very fine at 10½ guineas. A much appreciated gift to those who have Swiss sports in prospect are Nicoll's jolly suède coats, costing round about 9½ guineas.

TWO LITTLE CLOAKS
At Elizabeth's, South Molton Street

A Traditional Christmas Shopping Rendezvous

Shoolbreds, of Tottenham Court Road, have seen to it that every requisite for Christmas trees shall be found in their children's section. Passing on to the needs of older folk, a bee-line should be taken for the department devoted to leather and silver goods, where amongst a multifarious choice comes that splendid attaché case shown. It is a veritable *pièce de résistance* at 21*s.*, as it is made of velvet crocodile, and amply fitted with leather pockets for stationery and the customary accessories. A more suitable replica for a schoolgirl being of satin hide in three sizes, ranging in price from 9*s.* 6*d.* to 13*s.* 6*d.* In leather handbags, too, there is a hand-tooled variety, that, starting with a small ordinary reticule, gradually works up into a capacious shopping bag.



A COMPLETE ATTACHÉ CASE
From a large assortment seen at Shoolbreds, Tottenham Court Road

For The Little Ones

Party frocks and wraps are, naturally, very much on the tapis at Elizabeth's, 45, South Molton Street, W., an example of the latter forming the subject of the sketch. This enchanting little party cloak has orange chiffon velvet culled to its service, and takes that most comfortable of shapes, a simple circular. The collar is entirely of hand-made velvet roses mingled with silver tissue, and the cloak is lined yellow silk, and has cross-over straps of ribbon to hold the fronts in place. One can easily picture the proud possessor of this pretty thing filling her *confrères* with much envy. Small, inexpensive presents are likewise a speciality with Elizabeth, who truly has alluring ways all her own.

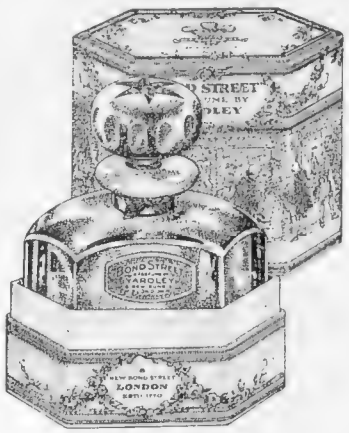
Everything for the Home Beautiful

A personal visit to Williamson and Cole's, Clapham, reveals everything beloved of the proud housewife in up-to-date cushions, lamp and candle shades, floor ottomans, and the like. Then, for those who are happily possessed of wider purses, Williamson and Cole are overflowing with suggestions, the "Novara" suite, illustrated, being a case in point. This charming settee and accompanying armchair are absolutely right for a small house or flat, the covering consisting of smoke-grey velvet, with cushions and borders of a rich brocade in a delightful wine shade; an alliance so characteristic of the fine artistic taste of this house. As they are so essentially complete, it would be the greatest pity to part these two, the more so as the set only means an outlay of 39 guineas.

THE "NOVARA" SUITE
To be seen at Williamson & Cole, Clapham

Parfumerie de Luxe

The confections of the perfumers are acceptable whether the season be winter or warm summer, and Messrs. Yardley and Co. of 8, New Bond Street, have a beautiful selection of perfumes of the finest quality which make delightful gifts. They have just issued a new perfume called "Bond Street." This is an extract of remarkable beauty, and should be the fashionable extract of the season. The cost is a guinea for a charming bottle in an elegant case, and there is a smaller size for 9*s.* 6*d.*, and an extra fine quality face powder which costs 4*s.* 3*d.* The lavender water, face powder, face cream, and lavender soap, etc., will, as usual, be in great demand for Christmas gifts.



A NEW PERFUME
From Messrs. Yardley and Co., 8, New Bond Street

(*Continued on page 728*)

Don't run out of "Soda Water" on the third day

Buy a Sparklet Syphon-

to-day—and ensure a constant supply of "Soda-Water" for less than 3½d per Magnum Syphon.

A Soda Water Factory for 12/6
of all Stores etc.
Extra Bulbs 3/6 doz.
Sole Makers
SPARKLETS LIMITED
Edmonton
London, England.

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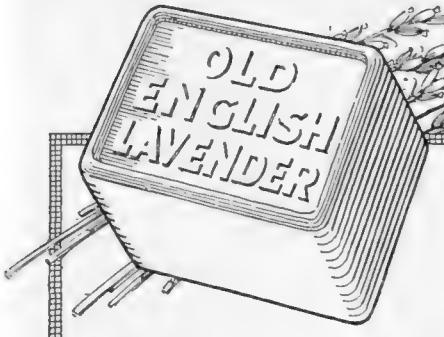
A MOST ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFT.



The delightful odour of Old English Lavender is charmingly embodied in

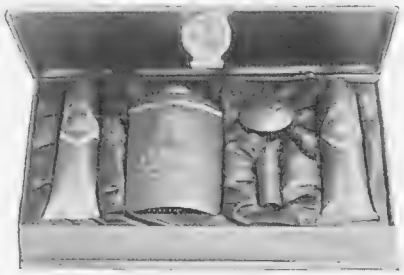
PRICE'S
Old English Lavender Soap

Packed in neat wooden boxes containing 6 and 12 tablets, Price's Old English Lavender Squares *make a delightful and acceptable gift. Ask your Stores; or write us for a miniature Lavender Square for 2d. post free.* PRICE'S Battersea, S.W.11.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING (continued)

The Golden Age

Year by year the new toilet productions introduced by Messrs. A. and F. Pears, Ltd., add lustre to the traditions of this famous house.



A GOLDEN GIFT

Obtained with the greatest ease from Messrs. A. and F. Pears

In addition to the beautiful Golden Gift Caskets (ladies', 5*s.* 9*d.*, and gentlemen's, 6*s.* 6*d.*), the Pears' Golden Series now include the following: Golden Bubbles of Lavender Water and Eau de Cologne, guaranteed the finest possible expression of these delightful toilet waters — also put up in old English glass bottles— and a complete set of manicure preparations comprising nail polishing crayon, powder and cream, and cuticle cream and solvent. There is something unusually attractive about Pears' preparations — we commend them to you.

A Safe Gift

To be certain a present will be truly useful to the recipient is no easy problem to solve, but the safest gift undoubtedly is an article of universal accep ance—such as the "Swan" pen, for it is difficult to mention anybody who would not appreciate and enjoy a nice fountain pen. "Swan" pens are delightfully appropriate, they convey a sense of intimacy or formality exactly corresponding to the relationship existing—they never overstep the line or fall short of it. For instance, to members of one's family they are practical and affectionate gifts; to one's doctor, lawyer, clergyman, teacher, host or hostess, they convey regard and recognition for kindnesses or attention; to business friends they are useful souvenirs; to one's associates in work they speak of a friendly interest. Their prices are yours, for they vary from a few shillings to over forty.

AN OLD FAVOURITE

Made by Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Co., "Swan" House, 133-135, Oxford Street, W. 1

Oriental Scents

The Oriental perfumes of Messrs. Grossmith have for many years had a high reputation among discriminating users the world over. The most popular are Shem-el-Nessim, the scent of Araby, Phūl-Nānā, the fascinating Indian perfume, Wana Ranee, the perfume of Ceylon, and Hasu-no-Hana, the scent of the Japanese Lotus lily. The face powder in particular is appreciated for its wonderful fineness and softness, and with so many powders of questionable quality and purity on the market it is nice to know of one which is absolutely non-injurious to the most sensitive skin.

EXOTIC PERFUMES OF THE EAST

From Messrs. Grossmith and Son, 29, Newgate Street, E.C.

The Columbia Grafonola

The first and last requirement from any gramophone is that it shall afford a satisfying reproduction, but few realise how much this is dependent upon the motor-power of an instrument. The motor in a Columbia Grafonola is an engineering unit built with a reserve of power that is a guarantee of the uniformity of speed essential to ensure correctness of tempo and hold the tone absolutely true to pitch. For over twenty-five years the Columbia has been world-famous as the standard of gramophone art. To-day comparison will show it to be the finest instrument produced. In its reproduction of music it is the most natural. Every model offers the highest possible value at its price, ranging from £5 5*s.* to £65. That illustrated is Model 27, sold at £40. The Columbia can be heard at any of the stores.

FOR DANCING AT HOME

There's nothing better than the Columbia Grafonola

Magic Gifts

A very happy and at the same time thoroughly up-to-date solution to the difficulty of selecting suitable Christmas gifts is furnished by The General Electric Co., Ltd., at their principal showrooms, Magnet House, Kingsway, where they have arranged a special exhibition for this purpose. Prominently figuring were the well-known "Magnet" heating and cooking appliances, including the "Magnet" electric iron (at pre-war prices), a daintily made little travelling outfit combining a 2½ lb. iron, water boiler and curling-iron heater —just the very thing for the traveller. "Magnet" electric toasters, "Magnet" kettles, "Magnet" shaving-pots, food warmers, Pipe lighters, and "Magnet" pedestal Heaters. A visit to the exhibition will be well repaid.

A Silent Sewing Machine

A sewing machine to the woman who is wise enough to design and complete her own gowns and frocks halves her labours, and even if she deputes the making to a needlewoman —much labour is thereby saved. Willcox and Gibbs' automatic silent sewing machine is everything a machine for the home ought to be, reliable, always ready for use, easy to work, and giving lasting service. Any additional information may be had from Willcox and Gibbs S. M. Co., Ltd., 20, Fore Street, London, E.C. 2.

Can You Beat It?

A good sweet, a munchable toffee, what is there better? You can't beat Sharp's Super-Kreem toffee either for the kiddies or the grown-ups. A great point about it is that you can eat quite a lot at once if you want to, and instead of any deleterious results you will feel all the better— it's pure and it's nourishing, too. They are packing it in drum-like boxes now, a neat, highly coloured drum with drumsticks that the children can play on when the drumful of sweets has gone.

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

For all ages

(*Continued on page 730*)

By Appointment.

A DELIGHTFUL DINNER DRINK

IF you suffer from gout or rheumatism, you will find a safe dinner wine in Bulmer's Champagne Cider. Be sure and ask for Bulmer's or you may be served with an inferior brand. Bulmer's is prepared by the genuine Champagne process. Palatable and stimulating, it is free from acidity and is of delicious bouquet.

BULMER'S
Champagne
Cider de Luxe
POMAGNE

For Parties, Dances, Masonic and other Banquets.

H. P. BULMER & CO., Ltd., Hereford.

London and Export: Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd. London Bridge, S.E. 1. 5

A useful Xmas Gift

SERCK

"IDEAL MADE"

Coffee Percolator

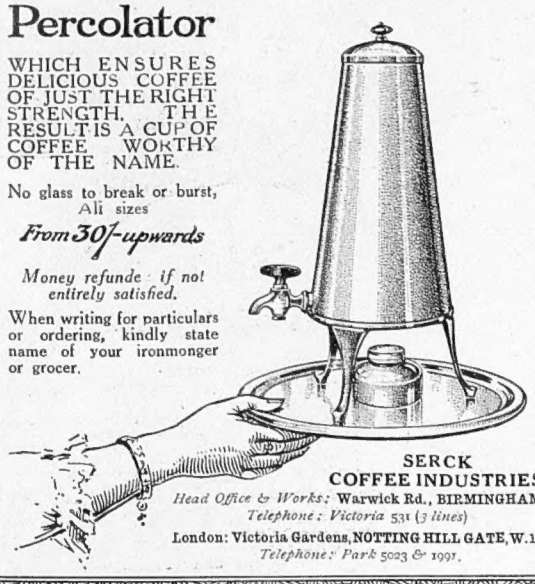
WHICH ENSURES DELICIOUS COFFEE OF JUST THE RIGHT STRENGTH. THE RESULT IS A CUP OF COFFEE WORTHY OF THE NAME.

No glass to break or burst, All sizes

From 30/- upwards

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

When writing for particulars or ordering, kindly state name of your ironmonger or grocer.



SERCK COFFEE INDUSTRIES

Head Office & Works: Warwick Rd., BIRMINGHAM

Telephone: Victoria 531 (3 *lines*)

London: Victoria Gardens, NOTTING HILL GATE, W.11

Telephone: Park 5023 & 1991.

Harrods

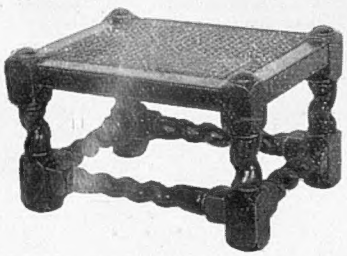
Gift-Suggestions

YOUR gifts imply so much of your goodwill that to choose anywhere but where the best is offered is to do yourself less than justice! Choose at Harrods!

A tour of the Furnishing Galleries on 1st, 2nd and 3rd floors will provide a ready solution of Gift Problems

WING EASY CHAIR (*as shown*) well and reliably made. With loose feather cushions to seat. The whole covered Cretonne. £11 15 0

CIRCULAR TRIPOD TABLE, (*not shown*) of Mahogany. £1 10 0



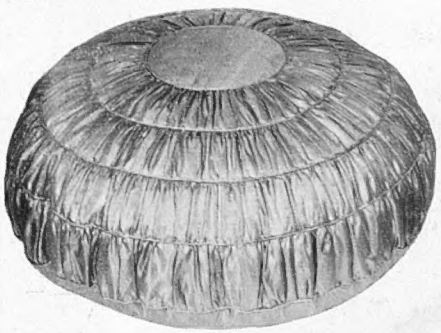
CANE TOP STOOL, (*as shown*) in Oak. £1 8 6

MAHOGANY TABLE (*not shown*) with two drawers. £3 12 6

PAIR OF BOOK STOPS, (*not shown*) gilded and decorated. £3 7 6

WORK TABLE, (*as shown*) of Mahogany. £3 15 0

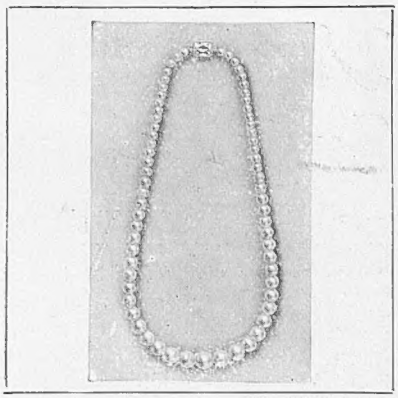
MAHOGANY THREE-TIER WAITER (*not shown*) with carved edges. £5 15 0



BEAUTIFUL CUSHIONS. of heavily ruched Japanese Silk. Large size, filled with best down. Available in sixteen colourings. To day's value, 27/6 Special Offer 19/6

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON SW1

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING (continued)



PERFECT PEARLS
A string of Sessel from 14 and 14a, New Bond Street, W. 1

Sessel Pearls

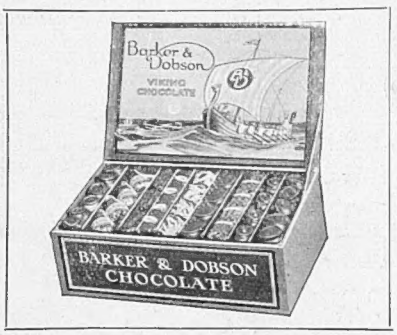
The only difference between real and Sessel pearls is that one is the product of nature, and the other a product of the laboratory; side by side with genuine pearls costing hundreds of pounds, it is impossible for the expert to distinguish Sessel pearls from the real, and a visit to their showrooms at 14 and 14A, New Bond Street, W. 1, will convince the most sceptical of the genuineness of their claim, or they will at all times be pleased to forward a selection of Sessel gems for personal inspection.

Parfumerie Dubarry

Fine perfumes and toilet luxuries make admirable gifts, and the most fragrant of these is to be had from Dubarry et Cie, 81, Brompton Road, S.W.

The Best

The demand for something really good in sweets at Christmas is excellently met by Messrs. Barker and Dobson's "Viking" chocolates assorted. For delicious flavour, wonderful variety of centres, and the lavish coating of superfine chocolate, they are all that could be desired. Their purity and wholesomeness are guaranteed by a firm which has nearly a century's reputation for high-class confectionery. Messrs. Barker and Dobson are also putting up their genuine Everton toffee and walnut toffee in special enamel and gold tins suitable for Christmas gifts. Their slightly bitter plain "Viking" chocolate is also a great favourite and has an unusually handsome wrapper.



VIKING CHOCOLATES
At Messrs. Barker and Dobson, 58, Leonard Street, E.C.2

A Right Royal Present

If you wish to send a gift that embodies the spirit of the Christmas season—the geniality, the joviality, the warm good feeling of Christmas time—what can be better than a case

HAIG AND HAIG
Scotland's famous product

of Haig and Haig's whisky—the finest product of Scotland's famous potstills, mellowed with the lapse of years? Nothing will delight your friends more than by sending them a case this Christmas, for with Haig and Haig Five Star whisky there goes good fellowship, kindliness, and pleasant remembrance.

A Perfect Complexion

Every woman who takes a pride in the preservation of her natural complexion, should know of La-rola, for it is the toilet essential to every woman who studies her appearance and cares to retain the charm of her sex. Beetham's La-rola is a non-greasy, non-sticky toilet milk for gentle self-massage of hands, arms, neck and face. La-rola is quite economical at 1*s.* 6*d.* per bottle, because it goes a long way. It is so good that all chemists and stores sell it, besides M. Beetham and Son, of Cheltenham Spa, England.

(Continued on page 732)

A Man's Present—that is NEW that is different that is practical

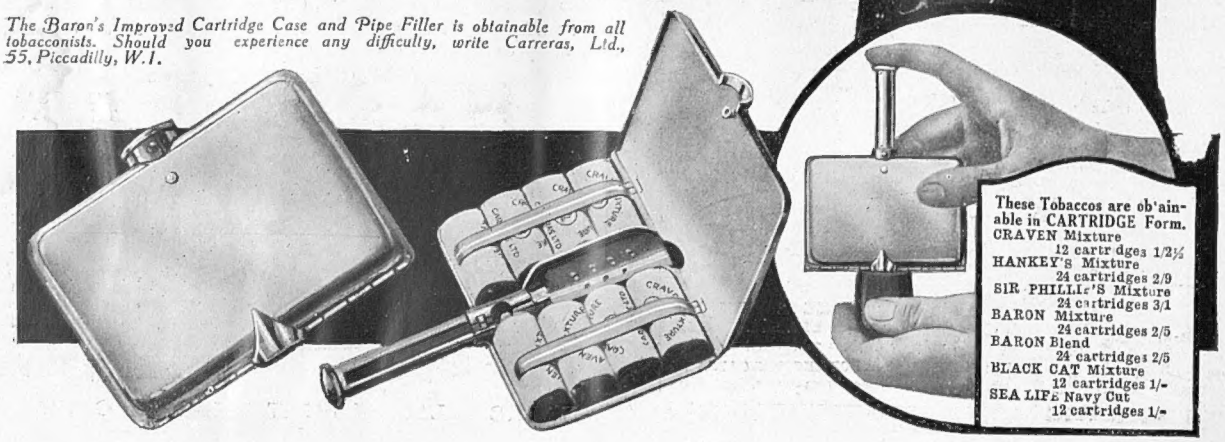
PRICE 7/6 OR COMPLETE WITH 24 CRAVEN MIXTURE CARTRIDGES 9/11

Possessing every quality of the ideal Xmas Gift, the

BARON'S CARTRIDGE CASE & PIPE FILLER

will be welcomed by every man who smokes a pipe. It is unique—there is nothing else quite so out-of-the-ordinary. It is useful and practical. It is a permanent reminder of your good wishes and good judgment. It fills the pipe in five seconds, evenly, without any waste, contains space for a day's supply of cartridges, and ensures a clean, cool, and smooth burning smoke, sweet to the end. It will last for years. There is nothing to get out of order. You cannot go wrong if you give your men friends this interesting and practical present. To complete the gift just add a tin of Craven Mixture in cartridge form.

The Baron's Improved Cartridge Case and Pipe Filler is obtainable from all tobacconists. Should you experience any difficulty, write Carreras, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, W.1.



These Tobaccos are obtainable in CARTRIDGE Form.
CRAVEN Mixture 12 cartridges 1/2½
HANKEY'S Mixture 24 cartridges 2/9
SIR PHILLIP'S Mixture 24 cartridges 3/1
BARON Mixture 24 cartridges 2/5
BARON Blend 24 cartridges 2/5
BLACK CAT Mixture 12 cartridges 1/-
SEA LIFE Navy Cut 12 cartridges 1/-

"COLUMBINE"

PERFUME

As dainty as a Fairy Dancer and as fragrant as the Flower itself

ENCASED BOTTLES

10/6 17/6 32/6

Of all Chemists, Perfumers & Stores or direct from:—

ATKINSONS

THE ENGLISH PERFUMERS

24 OLD BOND STREET

LONDON W.1.

and 2 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

...BINE COMPLEXION ...ER 3/6 per box
...BINE TOILET SOAP ... per box.

Onoto Gifts at all prices

"Onoto Gifts" make acceptable, intimate and permanent presents. A box of cigars goes up in smoke—chocolates are soon eaten—silk stockings wear out. But an Onoto Pen or Pencil is a life-time gift.

No. 3202. Onoto the Pen, self-filling model, with two narrow rolled gold bands, **20/-** 18-ct. gold bands, **27/6**. Same model, unmounted, **17/6**.

Onoto the Pencil, short size with ring, in plain plated silver, **7/-**. engraved, **9/-**; in silver or rolled gold, **15/-**.

Sold by all Stationers and Stores everywhere.

Onoto the Diary

The Diary with the Double Index and the £100 Prize Competition, 1/- to 21/-.

Onoto the Pen

THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., LTD., 110, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

For the Strenuous

THE luxurious comfort and cosy softness of the general run of Wolsey Underwear are due in measure to the degree of 'twist' in the yarns employed. The more 'twist' in the yarn, the harder the feel, but also the longer the wear.

Now, many people are more than willing to sacrifice a little of the luxurious softness to secure increased resistance to wear.

These requirements are met to perfection by 'Hardwear' Wolsey, made from wool specially selected for its durability, spun with just the right degree of twist to yield the maximum strength without unduly interfering with softness and elasticity.

Ask your Hosier or Outfitter to *show* you 'Hardwear' Wolsey; there's a choice of weights and sizes to meet all requirements.

'HARDWEAR' WOLSEY

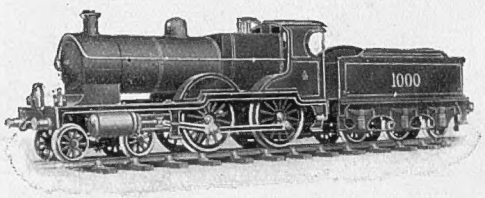
PURE WOOL UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

The Best the World Produces

All Wolsey Garments are sold as unshrinkable. Should any garment prove otherwise it will promptly be replaced free.

WOLSEY LTD *Spinners, Manufacturers, Finishers* LEICESTER

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING (continued)



SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TOYS
At Bassett-Lowke, 112, High Holborn, W.C.

Railways for the Children

Engines, model yachts, indeed, anything mechanical that "goes" appeals to all children, and at no other firm in London is greater satisfaction given than at Bassett-Lowke's of 112, High Holborn, W.C. The Caledonian Express loco. with the 1923 clockwork movement, is specially fine, for it embodies the latest advances in high-class clockwork locomotives. The new station "Roade" is a triumph of the modeller's skill, the "Lowko" signal cabin, with its glazed windows and outside ladders, makes you covet a miniature railway system, just for the fun of working the signals. These truly wonderful models were designed by Mr. Henry Greenly, A.I.L.E., and every care has been taken to see that this new system is perfection itself. A copy of the new Model Railway list, with the 1923 price reduction, will be sent on request for the modest sum of 1s. 6d., post free.

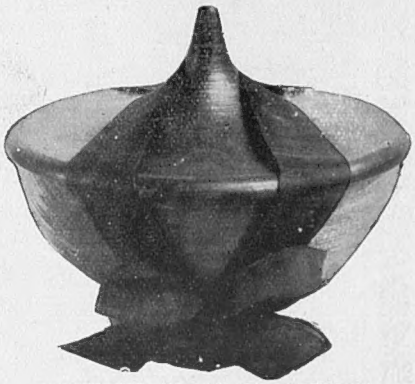
WATERMAN'S (AND EVERYMAN'S) "IDEAL"
At all stationers

The Best Pen

The art of giving is to choose something that the recipient will treasure for life, but to find the right thing assuredly is not easy. Thousands, however, have solved the problem by giving Waterman's Ideal fountain pens. It is always acceptable and always welcome. Waterman's Ideal fountain pen is obtainable in many styles for presentation at prices from 12s. 6d. upwards. This pen is world-famous for reliability and perfect writing action. There is a nib to suit every hand. Should the nib selected be not exactly right, it can be exchanged gratis, in which case a specimen of the handwriting or the favourite steel nib should be sent. Every pen is fully guaranteed. Waterman's Ideal can be sent by letter post, at trifling cost, to any part of the world.

A Novel Calendar

A calendar at Christmas is always useful, but still more charming is one that the Misses Allen-Brown from their famous Sussex "scent-farm" have issued this year. Made on a charmingly coloured card, with attractive figurings of violet, making a border, it is fragrantly scented with perfume of that beautiful little flower,



NOVELTIES IN UTILITY ARTICLES
Write to the Misses Allen-Brown, Henfield, Sussex

is marked at the modest price of 4s., and will be sent post-free on application to the Misses Allen-Brown, Henfield, Sussex. Also to be had from them are the finest bath salts, perfume, and soap, as well as many utility articles, violet scented, in the shape of dress-hangers, handkerchief cases, ribbon-boxes, and card-cases. A card will bring their fully-illustrated brochure.

(*Continued on page x*)

Cosy and Warm

Ask for the JAEGER Christmas List.

YOU can make at least *one* girl's Christmas happy by getting her a Jaeger Camelhair Coat. They are smart, and as well-tailored as you could wish. Camelhair is such a delightful, soft, golden-coloured material, the Coat is not heavy and lumbering like an ordinary coat; it is really warm and light.

JAEGER *Pure Wool*

LONDON DEPOTS:
126, REGENT STREET, W.1.
456, STRAND, W.C.2.
30, SLOANE STREET, S.W.1.
102, KENSINGTON HIGH ST. W.8
131a, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1.
85 & 86, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

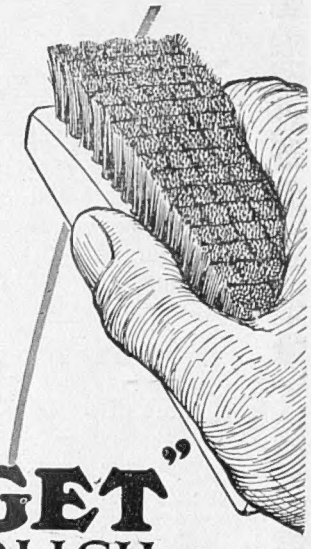
Jaeger Agents in every town. Ask for the Jaeger Christmas List.

Camelhair Coat
M 358 (illustrated)
Convertible Collar
9 Guineas.

Just a few hard knocks

—round the top as though you want to drive the lid further on. The lid will then loosen and come off easily.

"Nugget" always reaches you in perfect condition owing to the close-fitting, air-tight tin. Perfect polish —perfect tin.



"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH

"NUGGET" is sold everywhere in the NEW EASY-TO-OPEN Tins.

3d. and 6d.

Made in Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown and Toney Red. Also in White for Patent Leather.

No. 837